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Where Failures Matter Most

THE manœuvres, in relation to the Foreign Ministers' Conference, have reached their last stage. It is now clear that the parleys in the Palais Rose had become a method of consuming time while the Great Powers studied each others' tactics and deduced from them whether a Conference would pay off. There was never the slightest reason to believe that the so-called agenda about which the Deputies have been wrangling for months would set the pattern for the actual Conference. "Excluded" items could not really be excluded, nor could the order of those items, on which the Deputies tried to agree, be maintained in real life. The whole affair for weeks past has been an elaborate *pas de quatre*, designed to fill in time while decisions were taken in other places.

It looks as though these decisions have now been taken. If there was a chance last autumn, when the Russians first proposed the Conference, of a limited agreement on Germany, it has long since disappeared. All that is left to be decided now is, first, whether the failure to agree should be registered on the level of the Deputies or of the Ministers themselves; and secondly, what excuse each side shall give for failing to agree. The important thing to understand is that the U.S. has been gradually committed since last autumn to matching the striking power of the Red armies in Europe. The actual race, however, has hardly begun; and the Russians, who have a considerable start, can reckon on at least eighteen months before there is any danger of the Atlantic Powers overtaking them. There is still plenty of time for second thoughts—on both sides; and the aim of wise statemanship at the moment should be to avoid sensational failures to agree. If there is a time for greatness there is also a time for shrewd procrastination.

Where there is *no* time to lose is in the Pacific. With each further day of the Senatorial inquiry into MacArthur's dismissal, it becomes clearer that Mr. Truman is content to achieve a domestic political victory at the cost of surrendering the control of foreign policy to the Pentagon. If General MacArthur has lost his job, the Generals are winning the day in the battle for power in Washington. Mr. Acheson has now accepted the strategic necessity for holding Formosa and rearming Chiang Kai-shek, which he utterly repudiated eighteen months ago; and Mr. Dulles is now in London for the express purpose of persuading Mr. Morrison that a Japanese peace treaty should be signed without Peking or the U.S.S.R.

These two steps, taken in conjunction with the naval blockade which Admiral Sherman advocates, suggest that the Administration is now the mouthpiece of the Chiefs of Staff, announcing as American foreign policy the piecemeal requirements of its Generals in the field. If the British Government now gives way—and its delegate's vote on the Trusteeship Council postponing a decision on Peking's representation indicates a disquieting retreat from its previously held position—the last possibility of a negotiated settlement with China will have been destroyed, and the last rational objection to MacArthur's policy of all-out war removed. You cannot demand unconditional surrender of the enemy and simultaneously retain restrictions on the conduct of the military campaign which only make sense if you are seeking a diplomatic settlement.

This is why Mr. Morrison must now be prepared to risk a great deal for the sake of a cease-fire. The objection that a British peace initiative would embarrass Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson has been invalidated by the Senatorial inquiry. Mr. Acheson has expressly disavowed every item in Britain's China policy, and repeatedly stated to the Senators that the only thing that restrains the President from accepting MacArthurism is British opposition. Mr. Morrison should take Mr. Acheson's tip and make that opposition so loud and so insistent that it drowns the strategic demands of the Generals and the political clamour of the Republican opposition.

Mr. Acheson and Formosa

The Senate Committee has now released the State Department's memorandum on Formosa, dated December 23, 1949. This document was prepared as a "policy information paper" for Administration use in the expected event of Formosa falling to the Communists. The substance of it was that "Formosa, politically, geographically, and economically is part of China . . .;" its retention would not save Chiang Kai-shek from total eclipse; its loss would not seriously damage the strategic interests of the United States; and the U.S. was not in any way committed to save Formosa. Moreover, military aid to Chiang would do no material good and, while involving the U.S. "in a long-term venture producing at best a new area of bristling stalemate and at worst possible involvement in open warfare," it would divide America from its friends and rouse Asian hostility towards U.S. "militarism, imperialism and interference."

All this remains as sensible to-day as when it was written. But the purpose of the document, at the time, was to provide a propaganda directive to men who had to sell the Administration policy on Formosa. That policy was made quite clear, in the month after the document was prepared, both by Mr. Acheson and Mr. Truman, neither of whom pretended that Formosa was important to U.S. strategy or that the U.S. could do anything useful to save Chiang. And that was the policy which Mr. Acheson has deserted under pressure.

Enlarged Atlantic ?

If the British Government assents under pressure to U.S. insistence that Greece and Turkey shall be admitted to membership of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, assent will evidently be given with reluctance. The reasons for British hesitations are plain. The U.S. is fully entitled to guarantee unconditionally the security of Greece and Turkey—indeed, they are both covered already by Mr. Truman's famous Declaration; and there is doubtless a strong strategic case for a purely defensive pact of mutual assistance in the Eastern Mediterranean. But the proposed enlargement of N.A.T.O., committing its Western members automatically to succour Greece and Turkey if they became involved in local hostilities, would notably diminish enthusiasm for the Pact in Scandinavia and the Low Countries. Furthermore, if the decisive factor is American desire for further bases, the Russians will have noted already General Vandenberg's statement that existing bases increase by five-fold the striking power of the U.S. bomber force. They would regard Greco-Turkish participation in N.A.T.O. as confirming their worst fears.

Oh, What a Beautiful Morning !

American mediation in Teheran has scored an important initial success, which to some extent atones for previous indiscretion. It was the intrigue of the oil companies and the loud asides of Mr. Maghee—the ex-oilman from Oklahoma who, as head of the State Department's Middle Eastern Section, visited Persia this Spring—which encouraged the Majlis to go ahead with nationalisation in the confidence that they could hire American technicians when the British had been kicked out. Now, at last, Mr. Acheson has made it clear that American technical assistance will not be forthcoming, and this has enabled Mr. Grady, his Ambassador in Teheran, to persuade Mr. Moussadeq to begin talks with high-level representatives of Anglo-Iranian. But no one should imagine that this puff of sweet reason ends the crisis. The gap between Mr. Morrison's rather grudging admission that some sort of nationalisation may have to be accepted and the outright demands of Persian public opinion is still dangerously large. The British negotiators will find that they will have to concede a great deal more than this if Britain is to retain even partial control of the refining and distributive sector of the industry. The cost of failing to make moderate concessions at the right time—in this case it was 1946, when the Russian troops withdrew—is always exorbitantly high.

Irish Elections

The only significant change produced by the polling in Ireland last week has been in the relative strength of the Government parties. Fine Gael, previously holding 29 seats, and outnumbered by its Coalition partners, made striking gains, and returned 40 Deputies; many of the gains came from Munster and Connaught, provinces in which the Government's farm policy has proved successful and popular. The Labour Party has dropped four seats, and is left with 16; the Farmers now hold 6, a gain of one. But the Clann na Poblachta, Mr. McBride's party, was almost wiped out, the Foreign Secretary barely retaining one of the two seats it held. This defeat can be attributed to a number of factors; one of the most important was undoubtedly the bitter division within the party—and its loss of public prestige—which followed from the controversy over the Mother and Child Health Scheme and the enforced resignation of Dr. Browne, the Health Minister. Dr. Browne himself was easily returned as an Independent, along with thirteen other Deputies without party ties. Most of these are unlikely to be warm supporters of the Inter-Party Government—the election was called to clear the air when Mr. Costello's Government had lost sufficient Independent votes to threaten its stability—but few of them have much love for Mr. de Valera, whose Fianna Fail only managed to pick up one seat. There is not much prospect of stability here. Mr. Costello cannot secure a majority at all without some Independent support, and the same is true of Mr. de Valera. The stalemate remains.

Conviction Sustained

The U.S. Supreme Court has sustained the conviction of the eleven leaders of the American Communist Party for conspiracy to teach the violent overthrow of the Government. The sentences of five years in prison and individual fines of $10,000 will now be enforced. The decision was six to two, with Justice Clark, Attorney-General when the indictments were made, abstaining from the case. The majority opinion held that the Smith Act, under which the Communists were prosecuted, did not violate the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech, and that the convictions should be upheld because the conspiracy and the teachings offered "a clear and present danger" to the U.S. Government. From this decision Justices Black and Douglas dissented vigorously. These two are the "liberal" wing of the Court, especially on matters of civil liberties. The judgment, they argued, would lead inevitably to further restrictions upon freedom of speech, and they insisted that no overt acts had been committed by the defendants to bring them within the compass of the "clear and present danger" doctrine, established by Justice Holmes in 1919.

Steel Control Again ?

The Minister of Supply is reported to be planning the re-introduction of a Steel Control, presumably on similar lines to the one which was somewhat incautiously abandoned in 1949. As has often been pointed out in these columns, the practical difficulties of achieving the current arms programme—apart from the wider political consideration of its desirability—are almost insuperable without the most stringent physical controls. The load of demand on wide sections of the engineering industry is now insupportable; while raw material and—in certain areas—labour are scarcer than they have been since the immediate post-war years. Manufacturers are uncertain what effective priority they should give to arms, as against export and home investment; and material suppliers are in the same difficulty in their relations with the manufacturers. Steel is being more or less openly bought and sold at far more than the controlled prices. None of the half-measures so far adopted has been anything like adequate; and nothing less than a full allocation scheme for steel—and, probably, for most of the non-ferrous metals—is likely to be of much help. Meanwhile the re-establishment of such a complex machine as the Steel Control will take some time. The Ministry is thought to hold the view that it cannot be made to work effectively before next January. If so, it is difficult to explain why the preparations were not put in hand earlier. The need has been increasingly obvious since last December.

Famine of Teachers

The number of children at school is expected to reach its peak in 1959, and then to begin falling; but during the next ten years there will be marked changes in the age-composition of the school population. Infants will reach their maximum number in 1954, juniors in 1957, and seniors not until 1961. These changes raise special problems, which are considered in the Advisory Council's Report on the Training and Supply of Teachers. Even the existing standards of staffing will not be easy to maintain at the present rate of recruitment to the teaching profession; and there is likely to be an acute shortage of graduate teachers for the Grammar Schools—to say nothing of the desirability of increasing the proportion of graduates elsewhere. Worst of all is the shortage, actual and prospective, of teachers of science and mathematics; for men scientists and mathematicians can find much better-paid openings elsewhere, and the supply of women graduates in these fields is still remarkably small. The abolition of the four-year grants to students who pledged themselves to teach was in itself a most desirable reform; but under present conditions it is bound to aggravate the shortage of graduate teachers, unless there is a great and further increase in State scholarships and Local Authority grants. We are, in fact, failing as a nation to produce the teachers without whom the promises of the Butler Education Act cannot be implemented.

Hong Kong and Blockade

A correspondent in Hong Kong writes agreeing with this journal that "a blockade of China would be impractical and hurt the Western Powers much more than the Chinese," but protesting that we were wrong in suggesting that Hong Kong is nowadays dependent on Communist China for its water and food. His protest rests on a misunderstanding, but his point is of real substance. It is true that the

most important part of Hong Kong's water supply comes from the "leased territory," and that it could not be cut from outside. It could, however, be sabotaged with the greatest of ease by Communists within the Hong Kong area. As to food, our correspondent is assuming that supplies would come from overseas under the protection of the British Navy. We were assuming blockade conditions in which Hong Kong would be effectively in the hands of Communist China and therefore blockaded from the sea as it was in the last war.

"Closer Association"

Our Special Correspondent in South Africa writes from Salisbury: The Civil Servants' report on "closer association" between the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland is awaited here more in sorrow than in anger. Most White people seem to think that the report is bound to involve a "pandering to the Native" which Southern Rhodesia would be mad to accept. "Pandering," in this context, may be taken to mean any step which would hold out to Africans the prospect of equality of opportunity within the next thousand years or so. More specifically, it means that the bulk of White opinion here would be anxious to reject any proposal for African participation in government—such as the "closer association" report is said to involve. If the proposed Federal Government has to include a Native representative who might probably be an African—as the report is believed to suggest—then White Rhodesia will be up in arms.

Even so, the more far-seeing settlers are probably ready to swallow even this enormity rather than let slip such a promising chance for amalgamation with Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. They would gain greatly by linking themselves with the financial prosperity of Northern Rhodesia. They would be better placed to "put a stop to Fabianism" in the two protectorates. And they could always modify to White advantage, as time went on, any inconvenient concessions which the Act of Union might make to the Africans of these territories. South Africa, after all, has set a useful precedent for that.

The Africans of Southern Rhodesia are solidly against any form of union with the two northern protectorates so long as White settler policies remain policies of segregation and repression. They believe that any form of "closer association" could only lead to amalgamation, and that amalgamation would put an end to the rights and dignities of Africans in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. African organisations in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland have expressed strongly the same view. Their opinions are shared to some extent by many liberal-minded White Rhodesians, who believe that, if existing race attitudes are maintained, their country can only end in the same hopeless misery as the Union of South Africa. Such people may be few in number, and have little or no influence with the majority of settlers, yet it is significant that on the whole they are to be found among the younger people here, and among ex-Servicemen who have seen a bit of the world and have understood that the old attitudes of White supremacy can lead only to disaster. The British Labour Party should also remember that its affiliated body here, the Southern Rhodesian Labour Party, though reduced numerically to a handful of people, has also taken a stand against closer association at this time. The Southern Rhodesian Labour Party should not be confused with the Rhodesian Labour Party, which is dedicated to the advancement of purely White labour.

PARLIAMENT: Morocco Furnishings

Wednesday.

THE Lords have celebrated their return to their own Chamber, after eight years' lodging in the King's robing room, by defeating the Government twice within a week. The first defeat was on the question of co-partnership in the nationalised gas industry. To end it, as the Government is doing, said Lord Cecil, was a blow to the worker's status and to the liberty of the individual. Since on this matter, as both my Lords Cecil and Samuel were agreed, peers of all parties felt very strongly, no fewer than 78 of the 1,052 peers of the United Kingdom registered their vote for workers' freedom.

Fumigated and rid of every sign of the Commons' sojourn, the Chamber itself glittered and shone with gilt ornaments and red morocco furnishings. Everything, except the peers and their opinions, seemed new—from the reference books on the Clerk's table, and the Chancellor's woolsack in its matching red cloth, to the rearrangement of their lordships' "slimmed" seating.

Nostalgia—or boredom with their own debates—drew large numbers from the Commons to witness the transformation of the place which, for most of them, was more truly home than their own Chamber. At tea-time on Tuesday, there were more Commons present below the Bar than Peers above it. With the division bell, propriety was restored: M.P.s who had been listening to the debate withdrew, as peers (who had not) returned for the vote, in which the Government suffered its second defeat.

This time the Lords' defence against the Government was of the Landlords. By 53 votes to 29, their lordships opted to compel tenants to continue to keep leasehold property in good repair during the two years' extension proposed by the Commons. Lord Silkin argued that the effect of carrying the clause would be only to enable unscrupulous landlords to intimidate tenants into giving up their leases. The Opposition were persuaded that its effect would be rather to keep the Bill off the Statute Book a little longer.

In the Commons, however, the fight has temporarily gone out of the Opposition, or at least out of their Whips. Such excitement as has troubled the Government has been provided mainly by its own supporters. Second thoughts on the National Insurance Bill more than a little tempered its first enthusiastic reception by the Government's supporters. The rebels of earlier fights again gathered to press for further concessions. Since the Government has given so much, what does it save, asked Mikardo, Paton and Brown, by not conceding pensions to *all* on reaching 65—unless it be the Chancellor's face? Dr. Summerskill, however, was not to be persuaded to add anything more, nor were the rebels induced by Tory blandishments to divide the House. So the Chancellor's face was saved.

The Finance Bill has taken its traditional course. The Opposition has turned momentarily from its attack on the Government's extravagance *in toto* to demand particular concessions of taxation—so far, on petrol and the cinema tickets. The first attack was pressed home to a division which the Government won by eighteen votes.

Perhaps the real concern of the House has been expressed at Question Time—focused on Korea, Persia, and the cost of living. At the further increase of taxi fares there were gasps from both sides. "How many times," asked Mrs. Mann, "will you have to ride in a taxi before it becomes your own?"

TOM WILLIAMS

Divisions in India

IF the British had remained in India after the war, they would to-day be fighting a cruel, dishonouring and un-ending war, such as the French are ruining themselves by fighting in Indo-China. The people, Hindus and Muslims and Sikhs, rich and poor, would be against the occupying Power; leadership might well be falling into Communist hands in India, as elsewhere in Asia where the Westerner attempts to maintain domination. As it is, with the British gone, Congress, like the Muslim League, is beginning to crack for lack of a common domestic enemy.

Kripalani, a Hindu, and Kidwai, a Muslim, both old friends and Government colleagues of Pandit Nehru, have recently denounced Congress policy, complaining bitterly of the drift away from Gandhism—by which, in the main, they mean the failure of Congress leaders to maintain any semblance of that code of self-discipline and simplicity of living which Gandhi had urged as the basis of a free India. Mr. Nehru was able to persuade Kripalani and Kidwai not at present to press the demands of their "democratic front" within the Congress itself, but they have made it clear that they will fight as a separate party at the next election. Logically, this new party, to be called apparently the Congress People's Party, might be expected to join up with the Socialist Party, which to-day, torn by internal dissensions, is more remarkable for the idealism of Jai Prakash Narain than for the influence it wields in the policies of India. Such an alliance could be the basis for a serious Indian Opposition. Kripalani and Kidwai, however, are not Socialists, and it is doubtful whether the party of Jai Prakash Narain could ever sacrifice the purity of its ideological dissensions for the sake of political effectiveness.

One strange result of these events is that Mr. Nehru, the hero of the Left wing, is forced into association with the antedeluvian conservatism of Mr. Tanden, who last year defeated Kripalani as President of Congress. Even temporarily, such an association would probably be impossible if Mr. Tanden were as much interested in politics as he is in such matters as persuading Hindus to wear canvas rather than leather shoes, and to prevent cows being slaughtered before they are starved to death. Such preoccupations may make it possible for Pandit Nehru and Mr. Tanden to work for a time in double harness, but every follower of Nehru must be well aware that Tanden's strict religious views make him politically a natural ally of the Mahasaba, the extreme Hindu nationalists, and, indirectly, of the R.S.S.S., the semi-Fascist, militant association which was never effectively suppressed even after Gandhi's murder by members of the Mahasaba.

It is much too soon to make prophecies about the election; even the date is still uncertain. It is not, however, too early to point the moral of recent events. Everything conspires to

increase the power of the conservative forces and to weaken those of the Left in India. The Communists, mainly as a result of their own violence and ill-judgment—as well as their support of the Allied cause during the war—now count for little anywhere in the sub-continent, except in an area on the borders of Hyderabad and Madras. The forces of the Left, as we have seen, are divided and discouraged. By remaining so long in partnership with Patel, and allowing internal reform to drift while concentrating on international politics, Nehru has disappointed the progressive forces which looked to him for leadership. A strong case could, of course, be made for this course. It can be argued that his first duty was to prevent that balkanisation of India, which was so freely prophesied as the aftermath of Britain's departure; he has certainly played a valuable part in maintaining an independent policy for India and showing the world the way to peace in the Korean conflict. This defence could, however, be better sustained if Nehru's attitude towards Kashmir had not weakened his influence in foreign affairs. The Kashmir dispute diverts India's physical and mental resources from the main task of creating an economic and political democracy.

Two groups stood especially in the way of the Congress programme of social and economic change—the Princes and the landlords. Patel succeeded in bringing the Princely States into the Indian Union. But the Princes remained immensely wealthy and influential private persons, some of whom may still be tempted to exert political influence. It is satisfactory that Baroda, who recently planned to revive a Princely organisation, appears to have been effectively silenced. With the time-dishonoured system of absentee landlordism, Congress and the Government have not yet dealt with complete success. In principle, the ancient system is ended, but much has to be done before the reform is complete all over the country. What is clear is that the landlords have been infuriated; questions of compensation are still under discussion and in many parts of India the result has not yet been the social emancipation for which the peasants hoped. There is a risk that the angry, but not yet powerless, landlord class may still prove dangerous to India's democratic aspirations.

These reactionary groups will exploit the traditional conservatism of the Hindu religion. They find to their hand something like a nationalist Hindu revival. It is greatly to Mr. Nehru's credit that he is offering a challenge to this force by the Hindu Code Bill that has been before the Assembly for some time. By this, some of the worst evils of Hinduism may be modified. Nehru cannot, at a stroke, liberate Indian women from Purdah, or compel those who have been brought up under the old system to accept women's right to obtain divorce. That Nehru should have carried through the first legal basis of such a reform may stand in the long run as one of the great achievements of his splendid career. It is a pity that the Indian Government has felt obliged to modify the constitutional guarantee of press freedom, though the most severe criticisms of this measure seem now to have been met by an amendment which will give the Courts the right to decide what is "reasonable." Looking at the picture as a whole, we are not inclined to join in the Left-wing chorus of abuse of the Indian Government. But we are unhappily impressed by the disappointment of young people in India whose idealism finds no satisfactory outlet either in Congress or in the Socialist or Communist Parties. Probably the most powerful and growing force in India is that of Hindu nationalism, which becomes every day more reactionary, more opposed to the path of reason, more intolerant and more violent in its attitude towards Pakistan and the Muslims. It is this force, not the Left, which Pandit Nehru and his followers have most reason to withstand.

Hundred Apiece?

THE outstanding fact that has emerged from the first ten days of the election campaign is that de Gaulle is not doing nearly as well as was expected a fortnight ago. French electors are a bit like a middle-aged man who, being extremely annoyed with his dowdy and ungainly wife, is tempted for a moment to pay her out by responding to the advances of a glamorous adventuress, but, on second thoughts, decides to stick to dear old Marianne after all. There's no doubt that he *was* annoyed with Marianne—the first reaction to the new electoral law was highly unfavourable; yet the latest indications are that, even if there are going to be a good many abstentions, the bulk of the electorate, though with their tongue in their cheek, have come to accept the law as an inevitable—and lesser—evil. Whatever may be the last-minute surprises, if any, de Gaulle has so far played his hand very badly, and has also been very unlucky. First of all, especially after de Gaulle's famous May Day speech, Gaullism has come to mean Adventure and Revolutionary Change, and the mood for it just isn't there. Secondly, the more the Gaullists talk, the clearer is it becoming to the electorate that they have no constructive financial and economic programme, and are simply asking to be taken on trust. Further, there are three other extremely important factors playing against the Gaullists:

(1) The Gaullist plan to dissolve the trade unions has made the big employers very nervous; although most of the workers are Communists, there have been few strikes, and the Gaullist plan, if put into operation, would start no end of trouble.

(2) The Vatican's *Osservatore Romano* recently came out with an article virtually calling on good Catholics in France to vote for the M.R.P., the "Third Force" Catholics, rather than for de Gaulle.

3. De Gaulle has hardly any press, except for two weeklies, *Carrefour* and *Rassemblement*, and some local sheets. Even papers like *Aurore* and *Le Parisien Libéré*, which were unmistakably Gaullist in the past, have now become more cautious, while *Figaro* has become outspokenly critical of de Gaulle.

At a number of Gaullist election meetings in Paris I was struck by the defensive tone of many of the speakers. They went out of their way to demonstrate that de Gaulle was *un bon républicain*; and, at election meetings in the South, de Gaulle himself has been proclaiming, with a kind of petulant arrogance, that it was he who, in 1945, "gave France the Republic"—a phrase that can obviously only irritate all real republicans and bewilder de Gaulle's own more extreme followers. The meeting held in the North-west sector of Paris by Professor Vallery Radot, the Gaullist candidate, the other night, was not only poorly attended, but was one of the tamest affairs I have ever seen. The speakers, it is true, sharply criticised the Government, but, except for exalting the sound management of the City of Paris by its Gaullist town council, which would be "a model to the whole of France," they had little to say of Gaullist economic plans. All the hecklers were local conservatives, who, anxious to punish de Gaulle for his refusal to gang up with them, now accused him of having co-operated with the Communists in the past, and of being guilty of the nationalisations carried out soon after the Liberation. The Gaullist candidate had to apologise in a confused and painful manner, saying that, after all, the Communists *did* represent 25 per cent. of the French nation.

The election forecasts to-day are rather different from what they were a fortnight ago. Nobody any longer seriously expects de Gaulle to get 200 seats. Most forecasts now say that there will be "about 100 each"—*i.e.*, for all the six main parties—with possibly the Gaullists, the Communists and the Right slightly exceeding the 100. The centre of gravity in the new Assembly will probably be rather more to the Right than in the last one, and the favourites for the premiership are ultra-conservatives like Paul Reynaud or Right-wing Radicals like René Meyer or "Strong Man" Daladier, who intends to be very tough with the Communists, and is said to be the Americans' first choice.

How, in the meantime, are the Third Force parties, and particularly the Socialists, faring? Thanks to the *apparentements*, and with the encouraging example of Italy before them, they are fairly confident of not doing too badly. A typical Socialist meeting was held on Saturday in the Latin Quarter by Robert Verdier, editor of the *Populaire*, and head of the Socialist list in Paris-South. It is curious that, except the Communists, no party in France really "talks big," each rather boosting itself as a lesser evil. The Socialists, too, were constantly apologising; of course, they had done their best, but allowances had to be made for the fact that they were in a Coalition Government, and that, in all matters, they had had to fight against their more conservative partners. If only they had been in the position of the glorious Labour Government! But, alas, they weren't! Still, *apparentements*—even with people many of whom they could not trust—meant a minimum safeguard of personal liberty in France.

In virtue of their "democratic tradition," the Socialists allowed hecklers five minutes each at the close of the meeting. The audience was almost entirely a middle-class one, with some Gaullist students amongst them, who made a lot of incoherent noise during the speeches. But when called upon to speak, they had little to say, except that the Socialists had "neglected the French army"—which produced the reply that M. Moch was, on the contrary, "a great Minister of Defence." Much more embarrassing to the Socialists were a couple of Communists and also a Trotskyist, all of whom

accused the Socialists of "condoning colonialism" and of "encouraging the war in Indo-China." One Communist screamed: "Are you or are you not for the self-determination of peoples?"—to which he got no reply, and another asked what the Socialists thought of "their British colleague, Mr. Bevan, who knew you couldn't have both rearmament and social welfare"—to which there was no reply either. Instead, M. Verdier again said that the Socialists, as merely members of a Coalition, could not be held responsible for all that had happened in Indo-China. Great mistakes had been made in the past; but now it was very difficult, as the other Coalition parties had different views on the subject. If only the Socialists were stronger, and so on. It was all a little embarrassing; the hecklers had certainly touched on the French Socialists' sorest spot. However, thanks to the *apparentements*, they expect not to do too badly—though perhaps not well enough to save what social welfare and security there still is in France from being wrecked by the Reynauds and the Daladiers.

Paris, June 4. ALEXANDER WERTH

London Diary

CRITIC, who has written with such grace and insight about the South Bank exhibition, had not found occasion before his holiday to do the same for the Festival Pleasure Gardens in Battersea Park. Let me, as locum tenens, assure readers who share my weakness for this form of entertainment that the Pleasure Gardens are a worthy complement to the more sophisticated pleasures of the South Bank. Here is the same imaginative use of space and colour, the same incontinent devotion to the decorative, an even more rumbustuous repudiation of the functional. In the Pleasure Gardens there is not even the faintest pretence of a systematic presentation of anything. It is cloud-cuckoo-land, pure and sweet; and it is enchantingly successful. About two-thirds of the site are laid out in a delightful series of terraces and flower-beds, shops and beer gardens, lakes and pavilions. The remaining third comprises the Fun Fair. The Far Tottering and Oystercreek Railway, if you choose to use it for such a practical purpose, connects the two. This practical joke, conceived by Rowland Emmett, has been executed to perfection; and both the rolling stock and the two stations deserve minute examination.

The Gardens' centre piece—the Grand Vista—is an inspired combination in frivolous design between Osbert Lancaster and John Piper. I must also mention the Guinness clock, the performance of which in striking the hour is a dream sequence of connected mechanical craziness which could scarcely happen this side of the looking glass . . . . and, incidentally, very clever advertising. The Fun Fair is all you would expect. For those connoisseurs of Switchbackmanship who take their standards from Coney Island, I report that the Big Dipper is a disappointment and will arouse no more than the mildest pang of apprehension. I recommend those who must make their visit on a Saturday, and can bear to forgo the pleasures of the dusk, to choose the morning or early afternoon. On the most crowded and cloudless Saturday of the season neither the crowds nor the litter became offensive until about 5 o'clock. These Gardens add something rich and strange to London life which we can ill afford to lose. Perhaps the Government and the L.C.C. will now consider what modifications are necessary to make this moonstruck corner of Battersea Park a permanency. It could be a lasting delight to Londoners and their visitors.

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The anti-nationalization campaign of the sugar refiners was one of the show pieces of Tory propaganda at the last General Election; but very little attention has been paid by the press to last week's astonishing and deplorable decision of the Tax Commissioners in allowing Messrs. Tate & Lyle to claim the cost of Mr. Cube as legitimate trading expenses. To call this decision deplorable is not to question either the integrity or the legal sagacity of the Tax Commissioners. In spite of a weight of reputable legal opinion against them, they may be right in their interpretation of the law. But the repercussions of a decision to allow a sustained political campaign to count as trading expenses "wholly and necessarily incurred" are very wide and will surely be objectionable to many people who have little sympathy with the Government's intentions towards the sugar refiners. If this is indeed the law—and the Inland Revenue may yet appeal to the High Court—then Socialists will agree that it ought to be changed. There is presumably still time for the Chancellor to deal with it in the current Finance Bill. If he is disinclined to do so, there would seem to be an excellent opportunity for an ingenious Labour back-bencher to find a way round the procedural difficulties and introduce an amendment which could be of real importance and which could scarcely divide Government supporters or imperil the Government.

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The appointment of Lord Ogmore as Minister of Civil Aviation may be presumed to mark the end of the Ministerial changes on which Mr. Attlee has been engaged—partly involuntarily—since Mr. Bevin's departure from the Foreign Office. The result of it all? In terms of administration the new Ministry may be stronger than the old. Mr. Stokes, Lord Pakenham, Mr. Robens and Mr. Brown are all men of proved vigour and ability who have earned promotion by any conventional test. Unfortunately, administrative capacity can scarcely be regarded as the only measure of what the country needs in present circumstances. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Government is largely barren of new ideas. Mr. Attlee, who undoubtedly possesses some of the qualities of statesmanship, has surely lost influence in his Government in proportion as Mr. Morrison has clearly gained it. Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Bevin and Mr. Bevan were all, either by reasoning power or instinct, big enough to grasp the great movements of power and opinion in the world. Where now is the thinker in the Cabinet? With the possible exception of Mr. Dalton, whose influence is greatly reduced, I can think of no one with either the imaginative capacity or the disposition to devote himself to reading the small-scale map and scanning the more distant horizons. If Labour is not to footle away the next few months drifting towards disintegration, a great responsibility rests on the Parliamentary Labour Party, and particularly on the ex-Ministers who resigned, to find a new dynamic and a new direction. Messrs. Bevan, Wilson and Freeman are observed to have run up some sort of rallying signal by their act of resignation. They must now tell us what it says, with an indication of policy precise enough to bear scrutiny and sufficiently imaginative to unite their party. There is all too little time.

* * *

On May 21, the U.S. Supreme Court delivered an important majority judgment which had the effect of invalidating the "Fair Trade"—or Resale Price Maintenance—laws in 45 American States. Eight days later the great New York department store of Macey's cut their prices for goods hitherto fixed under the New York State laws by six per cent. An hour or two later Gimbels, their deadly rivals, had been compelled to follow suit. By mid-day, Macey's had replied with further cuts on some of the already reduced goods. During the afternoon the movement spread to other Manhattan stores, and vice-presidential ulcers were proliferating in practically every board-room from Brooklyn to the Bronx. After an involuntary armistice the next day, which was a bank holiday, the war was resumed and spread to other States. At the same time in New England a similar price war was developing over the sale of petrol, which was reduced at, for instance, Hartford, Conn., by seven cents a gallon. Vocal opposition to these outrageous events was quickly heard. In Washington, the National Federation of Independent Business promptly dissociated itself from the practical example of independence set by Macey's and appealed to Congress to legislate without delay to restore the protective regulations of the Fair Trade Act.

At almost the same moment The Chamber of Commerce of the United States was issuing a vigorous protest against the price ceilings recently imposed by the administration on a wide range of goods. It seems that the American trading fraternity shares with our own the view that controls which have the effect of keeping prices up are necessary and beneficial to the community, while those designed to keep them down are damaging and inflationary.

* * *

I wonder whether the American housewife shares that view? If she does, she has certainly done wonders in concealing her feelings during the past week. For all reports suggest that she has taken jubilant advantage of this unexpected windfall for the consumer. M.P.s may find useful and topical material in this episode for the discussion of a motion on Monopoly which is being raised in the House next Friday by Mr. Crosland. Of course, the American price war will not be allowed to continue indefinitely in its present acute form; and of course there are not insubstantial advantages to be derived from some of the less objectionable forms of price-fixing. But my wife leaves me in no doubt that she would forgo them all in return for a real declaration of war between the multiple stores

on which we depend for most of our supplies of food, clothing and domestic necessities.

* * *

In its review of the Unity Theatre play about the Peasant Revolt of 1381, the *Cab Trade News* observes: "It has a remarkable likeness to recent events in the cab trade." So other parishes than Bloomsbury have their magazine.

FLAVUS

HERE BE DRAGONS

"Let us tonight send a message . . . to the youth of England. St. George slew a dragon. . . . I like to picture this England of ours as having . . . thrown itself into battle against various kinds of dragons."—F.M. Lord Montgomery, President of the Royal Society of St. George, June 4.

"Rise, knightly youth of Britain,
Sons of St. George's line!
New dragons must be smitten
Like the Dragon of the Rhine.
Then mount the battle-waggon
And lead the armoured train,
And let us slay the dragon!"
Quoth St. George of Alamein.

But Britain seems unwilling
To take St. George's lead—
She notes that dragon-killing
Produces dragon seed;
Though blood the desert watered
And victory was plain,
The dragon duly slaughtered
Died not at Alamein.

Though dragons are no fable,
She labours to persuade
The monsters round a table,
Nor hastens a crusade—
By patient effort striving
Their menace to contain:
The dragon is reviving
That fell at Alamein.

All dragons are immoral
Great Britain is aware,
But seeks to pick no quarrel
With dragons in their lair.
She gives no provocations
In dragon-killing vein
Despite the exhortations
By St. George of Alamein.

In view of past behaviour
By the dragons Red and Brown,
St. George can be no saviour:
Dead dragons won't lie down.
Armed victory is hollow—
Since dragons are not slain,
Z-knights don't rush to follow
St. George of Alamein.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Nearly 300 workers in a clothing factory at Tredegar (Mon.) downed tools for 1½ hours because they did not like "Music while you Work." They wanted "Housewives Choice."—Report in *News Chronicle*. (R. Wolfson.)

A British Road Services official said: "As long as he did his job properly it was no concern of ours whether he had a snake in his cabin or not."—*Daily Mirror*. (R. C. Horwood.)

Body Builders! Your favourite Weightlifter and Bodybuilder hand-painted on a tie, trunks, tee shirt, etc. I can supply the tie. Please state colour.—Advert. in *Health and Strength*. (D. G.)

The Stately Homes of England

THE names of the great country houses ring like the battle-honours of our social history. Knole and Alnwick, Penshurst and Blenheim, Hatfield and Chatsworth, the roll-call runs—down to the lesser castles, manors and mansions which six centuries of wealth and power have left as their memorials across our countryside. One ruling class succeeded another, and succeeded to its homes as well. And each class turned the best of its architects, artists and gardeners to work upon its houses and estates, so that the Duke of Wellington could say recently: "The English country house is the greatest contribution made by England to the visual arts."

Such art was the creature of patronage, and patronage was the prerogative of private fortunes which a social system in decay cannot amass or long preserve. After 1914, it was impossible to build on this scale, and it was increasingly difficult even for the rich to live on it. Before the arrival of the Taxation State in 1939, Noël Coward was bewailing that the stately homes were not what they used to be. To-day, the jest has a bitter edge. Of two hundred and fifty houses in private ownership in 1939, listed by the National Trust as having outstanding architectural or historic merit, less than half are still inhabited. Demolitions and dereliction are becoming the order of the day, and fresh examples are sadly easy to find. Weald Hall, in Essex, a fine 16th-Century house, has been pulled down. Marks Hall, an early Renaissance building, has suffered the same fate: so have a score of others. The red brick medieval house of Beaupré Hall in Cambridgeshire is falling down, along with Fawsley House in Northants and the Castle that John Nash built for himself at East Cowes. Gosfield Hall, the best of the large houses left in Essex, is structurally sound, but can no longer be used as a private residence, and none of the interested public authorities has been able to devise alternative use for it. Rufford Abbey may be pulled down by Nottingham County Council for the same reason. Lord Rothschild has tried to sell Rushbrooke Hall on the open market: after Suffolk refused it as an Agricultural Centre because no farm went with it, he applied for a demolition licence. He will use it if no occupier can be found in time.

So the tale has gone on in recent years. The list of houses in physical danger, let alone those whose owners barely keep them up, is long enough to suggest the urgency of the crisis. It is not only the great residences, rambling and remote, that are threatened: the structure, setting and contents of quite small homes are imperilled by the disappearance of the economic conditions which once made them the normal style of living for families of rank and means, the supreme achievement of the English craftsman, and the repository both of records and traditions. The Pilgrim Trust describes this threat as "a disaster comparable only to that which the country suffered by the Dissolution of the Monasteries." Nostalgia, perhaps, but the Trust has a case.

Among the causes of this crisis, taxation is the most obvious. The impact of Estate Duty over the years since its introduction in 1893 has been to break up many estates whose revenue previously supported the house. Add to this the increasing burden of income taxes: a rent-roll of scores of thousands of pounds can be cut to a net figure of tens of hundreds by taxes and other first charges. And since few people to-day can retain anything like £5,000 net income, and since a large house could itself consume this amount for little more than bare maintenance, it is evident that owners of such houses must draw heavily on capital, sell the house or demolish it.

Even where funds are available, however, the necessary staff may be hard to find. The family may live in a small part of the building; but the rest of it, and the amenity lands affiliated to it, must still be kept up; and, domestic servants apart, this requires skilled gardeners and craftsmen. There are many houses now accumulating arrears of repair, that will soon lead to serious damage, for lack of experienced hands to make structural repairs or give proper attention to pictures, tapestries, panelling and furniture.

Here are the two main instruments of decay. Unless remedies are found, they become the new masters of the estate: the house falls into disrepair, soon it will be derelict; the park and then the gardens run to seed; the timber is cut; and furnishings and art collections built up over generations are sold and dispersed. Those concerned to check this process may win some battles. As things are, they are losing the war.

There are expedients. One is the National Trust Country House Scheme, whereby houses are made over to the Trust, together with an adequate endowment fund, and both house and fund are exempted from death duties and tax. On condition of public access, the family remains in occupation. For those with incomes subject to the highest level of taxation, this enables, say, £5,000 to be devoted by the Trust to the upkeep of the house at a net loss to the donor of £125 a year. But the Trust cannot and does not accept all the houses offered to it: many would-be donors cannot afford the endowment fund, while the Trust may not consider a house of sufficient importance to add the burden to its limited resources. At present, something like sixty houses come under the scheme.

Another device is paid admission by the public. More and more families are resorting to this, despite the complex tax regulations involved. The owner of one famous house told me that his revenue from this source came to something over £2,000 a year. But, he hastened to add, "this is a well-known showplace, easily accessible to visitors. What of houses in remote places, or lesser known, or without outstanding merit in architecture or contents? Is public access much help to them?" The question is pertinent. Knole, Ham House, Wilton, Chatsworth, such buildings can easily become a place of pilgrimage: but the houses for which this device offers little or no help can be counted in their dozens for each of the masterpieces.

Alternative uses? Here is the crux of the problem. These houses were built and developed as *homes*. Simply because they have large numbers of rooms beneath one roof, they are not necessarily suitable for other purposes. Sometimes the owner may find that part of the house may be used for business—as the centre of an estate of farms, for instance—but more often he is faced with the choice of living in his house or selling it. And if he is to sell it, who is to buy it? A school? But, save in emergencies, where are the funds and need for such an uneconomic and difficult conversion? A holiday home? Some houses, indeed, have been taken over by the Workers' Travel Association and similar bodies, but it is a rare old house that lends itself to this without expensive and sometimes destructive changes. One has only to think of the obstacles to adequate heating and plumbing to understand that. Adult education or conference centres? The same objections often apply. Ministries, or business concerns? It can be done

in some cases, though the price may be to preserve the physical structure and lose the fittings, chattels and amenities which once were a unity with the building itself.

Merely to list the alternative uses to which large houses may be put is to realise the difficulties involved. Successful conversions have been accomplished: without them, the list of derelict or demolished premises would be even longer and more tragic. But the fact must be faced that there is no sweeping or simple solution to a problem that varies with every building considered. Even if, as a Socialist, one should insist that the large house in private occupation is an anomaly, and therefore seek to find a social use for it, serious technical difficulties inevitably arise. It seems tempting to ease the housing shortage by division or partition—the fate of many "historic" London houses that have escaped demolition—yet the number of "accommodation units" thus created would be comparatively tiny, and the cost in money and materials in providing them, often in places where remoteness from centres of employment makes the demand small anyway, might well exceed the cost of building new homes on more convenient sites. Similar arguments can be applied to the translation of the country house into hospitals, business or office premises, and public institutions of one kind or another. It is no wonder that those who care for their preservation now feel something akin to despair.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

(To be concluded)

No Festival for Films

IT has been said of the British film industry that its condition is always critical but never serious. The present phase of its crisis is, however, serious enough to have thrown every branch of it into alarm and despondency. First, the trade members of the Films Council have sent a memorandum to the new President of the Board of Trade complaining of their rising costs—small cinemas, they said, were even running at a loss—and protesting that the increase in Entertainments Tax was too much for them to bear. They were even doubtful whether public demand would sustain the rise of 2d. or so in the price of seats; but, illogically enough, they asked for permission to raise prices by another penny and to keep it for themselves. Next, the trade unions are pressing for a new wage agreement, having had no wage increases since 1947. Tom O'Brien, the head of one union, has warned producers that, if an interim agreement is not quickly negotiated, he will be unable to prevent a general strike in the studios. Then, the producers, who protest that film-making is still unprofitable, point out that according to the latest report of the National Film Finance Corporation, the public largesse on which many of them have been living (not too austerely) would be exhausted by the autumn. Finally the public—indifferent alike to film magnates and film unions in distress—shows an increasing reluctance to go and see bad films, of which there are plenty.

It is difficult to write about the British film crisis without getting enraged, if one had previously hoped for a solution in accord with Socialist policy, or embittered if one had pinned one's faith on independent film production freed from the control of the big theatre combines. Not only did the Government shirk having a film policy which could make Socialist sense, but it adopted half-measures which did not even make business sense. And it left the execution of an ill-thought-out policy of subsidisation of producers to a Board of professional City men who have made a hash of it.

The story begins with the good intentions of Mr. Harold Wilson, who gave a pledge to maintain full production and full employment in the studios. To fulfil it, he raised the British quota in 1948 to 45 per cent. and later, when production was threatened by a lack of commercial finance, set up the N.F.F.C. with a capital of £5 millions (subsequently raised to £6 millions). Unfortunately, British film-makers were incapable of living up to a 45 per cent. quota. There were not enough competent and intelligent producers and directors to create 90 "first feature" films a year of good quality. So the quota had to be cut down—in successive stages—to 30 per cent., and it is doubtful whether even that percentage can now be held. When Harold Wilson assumed office, employment in the studios was over 7,600: it is now barely half that figure. The survivors may claim that the N.F.F.C. saved the industry: the unemployed workers know better.

Harold Wilson must not, however, be blamed for errors of administration by an autonomous public Board—whatever may be thought of the selection, for its personnel, of bankers, lawyers and accountants with no obvious practical experience of the industry. They were given a more or less free hand with their loans to classes of producers (as defined by the Board of Trade) except that they were instructed to lend up to £2 millions to the independent British Lion group. They grumbled a lot at that, but eventually lent them £3 millions.

Now it was still possible at this stage to frame a film policy in accord with Socialist ideas of State control and direction. If the State had assumed control of British Lion, as it was entitled to do, it would have had well-equipped studios to let to independent producers at low rentals and a highly efficient renting organisation to distribute their films at half the usual commission. Thus, the Government would have taken the first steps towards breaking the power of the big studio-theatre combines. And it could have completed that task if it had introduced legislation either to break up the theatre circuits and form a fourth circuit, or, if that were too bold, to prohibit combine booking for more than, say, five theatres at a time. The various committees of inquiry into film marketing have made it abundantly clear that the stranglehold of the big circuits derives from their nation-wide booking power and their virtual booking monopoly in the London area. But Harold Wilson gave no such lead to the N.F.F.C. and introduced no such legislation.

What the N.F.F.C. subsequently did was unwarranted, even on business grounds. They lent those £3 millions to British Lion without even obtaining effective control over its expenditure. Small wonder that provision has had to be made in the N.F.F.C. accounts for £1 million reserve against loss on that loan. (It was lucky for the N.F.F.C. that British Lion produced some excellent films, even if costly.) Next, they lent £2,486,514 to other companies (£448,028 has been repaid, but losses of £500,000 or more are anticipated) without succeeding in putting any worthwhile producer or group of producers on their financial feet. They financed too many "second feature" type films (often at "first feature" cost), which the State was not called upon to finance, some of them a disgrace to British film art. They even lent money to an unestablished producer to make "shorts" on "spec" for the American television market. That unnecessary gamble is now in liquidation.

Trying to profit from these mistakes, the N.F.F.C. has now committed its last and crowning blunder. It has created a closed shop of producers, arbitrarily chosen, to work co-operatively in select studios. And whose studios, do you imagine, they have selected? Independent ones? Not at all. They have gone to the studios of Odeon and A.B.C., the two big vertical combines which the State has been trying to curb all these years. Not only do they bring public money to the help of these two combines in the production of their quota films, but they actually link up the work of a Government Board with the private interests of monopolistic capitalism.

According to the recent report of the N.F.F.C., three "holding and management" companies have been formed. The first, called British Film Makers, Ltd., ties up the N.F.F.C. with the Rank-Odeon combine, through G.F.D., its distributing company, and Pinewood, its second studio. The chairman of British Film Makers is Sir Michael Balcon, who is an important director of Odeon. He is also unpaid adviser to the N.F.F.C., an anomalous position which, I think, he should resign. The other directors are Mr. Earl St. John, Mr. Rank's studio-production manager, and Mr. J. H. Lawrie, the boss of N.F.F.C., who is the man behind these extraordinary scenes. Six or seven producers are to be paid (can you believe it?) £5,000 a year whether they make a film or not! These producers put up no money for the privilege of being financed free and receiving free a proportion of the profits. G.F.D. guarantee 70 per cent. of their production finance and the N.F.F.C. the remaining 30 per cent. The whole set-up looks grossly extravagant.

For the second "holding and management" company the N.F.F.C. links up with the great A.B.C. combine. Mr. Robert Clark, the A.B.C. managing director, shares control of it with James Lawrie. The third company is intended to try out young producers with John Grierson as the production chief. These experimental films, being abnormally risky, will be mainly financed, nevertheless, by N.F.F.C. The distributor in this case, who guarantees only a minor part of the production finance, is Sir Michael Balcon's Associated British Film Distributors.

It is significant that not one of the producers in these "closed shops" is drawn from the independent British Lion camp. The films born out of this unholy wedlock of State Board and capitalist combine will therefore go to undermine the marketing position of British Lion, in which the State has invested £3 millions. The more quota films A.B.C. derive from their closed shop the less they will want from British Lion. The N.F.F.C. certainly creates a reputation for Harpo-Marxian finance.

The conclusion to be drawn from this sorry story is that a public Board doling out public loans willy-nilly to film producers, good, bad and indifferent, is not the right way to bring succour to British film-making. A better way, but not the ideal, is the so-called Eady plan. This started last year in parsimonious fashion when Entertainments Tax was cut or abolished on seats up to 1s. 6d. and the public were made to pay 1d. extra on seats over 1s. 6d., of which the Treasury took ½d. and the exhibitors and producers a ¼d. each. This was calculated to produce an extra £1¼ to £1½ millions for producers out of the annual box office. Mr. Gaitskell extended Sir Wilfred Eady's plan in his Budget by allowing £2½ millions out of an extra revenue from Entertainments Tax of £10 millions (in a full year) to be handed back to the industry on condition that the larger part of the remission went to the producers. The trouble is that both Chancellor and industry have got into such a muddle that the

price of certain seats cannot be raised to a level the public can bear without attracting too much Entertainments Tax, which then makes the price unbearable. There is a strong case for finding a new basis altogether for the levying of Entertainments Tax. Nevertheless, it is surely right that the producers should obtain a larger share of the box office and that they should participate in this extra revenue according to the box office success of their films. As soon as the new Eady-Gaitskell plan is worked out, the N.F.F.C. can fade out. Indeed, there is good reason to ask Parliament to put an immediate stop to its work, which is involving a serious waste of public funds and is no longer helping independent film production so much as the big vertical combines.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

Mr. Holland's War

(By a New Zealand Correspondent)

IN spite of unprecedented measures, the New Zealand Tory Government under Mr. S. G. Holland has still failed, after nearly four months, to bring to an end the waterfront dispute and the sympathetic strikes in other industries that have accompanied it. Although the trouble began as a wage dispute, it has since become an open trial of strength between the Government and the Waterside Workers' Union under the leadership of Mr. H. Barnes and Mr. T. Hill. The Union is the strongest in the country and is affiliated to the World Federation of Trade Unions, but has a completely non-Communist National Executive. Mr. Holland regards the conflict as total war and is therefore the victim of what this postulates—the necessity for total victory.

The dispute began in February, when watersiders were dismissed in all ports following their refusal to work overtime—a protest action against the granting of a 9 per cent. wage increase, instead of the 15 per cent. provided for in an Arbitration Court order. (The full 15 per cent. is being paid to members of the new unions formed under Government patronage.) When the watersiders rejected an ultimatum ordering them to resume normal work, including overtime, the Government replied by suspending the Waterfront Industry Commission and declaring a state of national emergency. It also deregistered the Waterside Workers' Union and seized its funds. Sweeping emergency regulations introduced on February 23 have set the pattern of the dispute—and, indeed, of New Zealand life—ever since. There does not appear to be an exact precedent for these regulations in the history of any British Dominion. They give the Government unlimited powers to override any existing law without any reference whatsoever to Parliament. The law under which they were enacted, the Public Safety Conservation Act of 1932, which was introduced by the Government of the day to deal with unemployed riots in Auckland, differed from its obvious parent, the British Emergency Powers Act, 1920, in that it made no provision for the calling together of Parliament within a stipulated time following the proclamation of a state of emergency. The absence of this safeguard is now being exploited by the Holland Government to a disquieting extent.

In one blanket Order the regulations prohibit freedom of speech and assembly and freedom of the press. It is a punishable offence to print, write or say—even in a private house—anything which might be construed as giving aid, or likely to give aid, to the watersiders. Telephones are tapped, private correspondence is opened and demonstrations and picket lines are broken up by the police. Possession of any of the swarms of clandestine leaflets, posters, pamphlets and appeals that make up a remarkable volume of underground literature is an offence; and, although the watersiders are obviously receiving considerable assistance in cash and in kind—apart from the openly-advertised donations from Australia—this is quite illegal. Newspapers must print the Government case, or nothing at all. The police have accepted the regulations as the green light for a no-holds-barred attitude in their application. In spite of Ministerial statements that the regulations do not apply to striking miners, whose stoppage has not been "declared" a strike, miners have been subjected to house arrest and union meetings have been broken up and ordered to disperse. There have also been cases of police officers attempting to prevent the representative of an "unfriendly" paper from attending court hearings of charges brought under the regulations and of obstructing attempts to bail out people arrested for taking part in demonstrations or street meetings.

Other ugly aspects of the crisis have emerged. Members of the new unions that Mr. Holland has sponsored (the Auckland organisation got going with a £500 loan from the Bank of New Zealand) assemble each day at police stations in the districts where they reside and proceed in armed convoy under police and civilian guards to the wharves. Pictures published in the Australian press show that guards heavily outnumber workers. There was also a panic suggestion in a leading Auckland newspaper that police guarding the waterfront should be under instructions to shoot any individuals or groups challenging their "authority."

The Labour Party, through Mr. Nash, its leader, has attacked the Holland Government for allowing employers "to refuse employment to workers willing to resume work" and Labour's National Executive has charged the Government with consciously prolonging the dispute to cover up its failure to keep down the cost of living. The Federation of Labour, on the other hand, is supporting the Government—a strange association that is fraught with the most far-reaching consequences for the whole trade union movement. The dominant figure in the Federation is Mr. F. P. Walsh, for nearly twenty-five years the president of the Seamen's Union. A shrewd tactician and a forceful personality, he built his almost unrivalled position in the New Zealand trade union movement on the foundation of the harsh discipline he imposed on his own union. But now the hold has been broken and, against the advice of the Federation, and in defiance of Mr. Walsh, the seamen are striking nationally in sympathy with the watersiders. In the same way, the miners, one of the strongest and most important affiliates of the Federation, are all on strike and a majority of the National Council of their union, acting on legal advice, has suspended the president and secretary. A popular phrase among New Zealand trade unionists to-day is "the tottering of the Walsh Empire." Time will show how much exaggeration there is in this; certainly the Federation of Labour is burdened with a heavy legacy of unpopularity from the immediate post-war period when it was one of the chief architects and exponents of a wage freeze policy. It is also uncertain how much the present industrial upset will finally benefit the Trades Union Congress, a recently formed rival to the Federation.

The present situation on the waterfront is that work is being carried on by Servicemen and by members of newly-registered unions, who comprise a quite inadequate fraction of the number in the deregistered union. The Government is trying hard to augment the strength of the new unions and—a strange departure for a party which in opposition never ceased to attack the "privileged position" of the watersiders—is dangling the promise of wages amounting to £12 15s a week for normal work and an extra £8 10s for overtime. But even if Mr. Holland's Minister of Labour succeeds in recruiting a sufficient complement for the waterfront, he can only do it at the expense of other branches of industry.

With a four-months-old hold-up on its hands, acute shortages of goods and services, including gas and electricity, and the worst winter months not very far distant, the Holland Government must act quickly. A decision by shipping companies to impose a 50 per cent. surcharge on all cargoes going to New Zealand adds to the urgency alarmingly. Already the consequences of Mr. Holland's economic policies are pressing hard on the whole trade union movement; at the very time when the Arbitration Court issued its 15 per cent. wage increase order the Government was hastily removing price controls and had earlier cut subsidies by £11 million. Certainly the "new industrial era in New Zealand" of which Mr. Holland spoke the other day has never seemed quite so remote.

Kalimantan's Pioneers

THE May Day speakers began, as all speakers begin in the Republic of Indonesia, with the words *Saudari, Saudara* (Brothers and Sisters) and ended with the *Merdeka* (Freedom) salute. But it is the individual touches which make demonstrations interesting; and here in Pontianak, the capital city of Kalimantan (known as Borneo in Dutch times) the Chinese workers entered the sports field playing rows of gongs hitched on to bamboo poles. A drum carried in a sedan chair completed the band. The Muslim workers were led by men carrying the model of a Mosque in green and white paper, with flowers bright red and white (honouring the colours of the Republic) at its entrance. I should have given the prize, however, to the Village Rubber-growers Trade Union, which carried on a *betja* (a pedicab like a gaily painted Victorian bath-chair hitched in front to a bicycle) the purple and white paper model of a hand-pressing machine.

The first cheer came when the chairman of the Harbour Workers' Union referred to the high cost of rice. The loudest cheer greeted the Resident (the Government's representative for West Kalimantan), widely known for his work in the Nationalist Movement. Now, as a popular leader, he used this occasion for a heart-to-heart talk. What were they doing with their independence? Production figures were low; those who worked only four out of the seven rightful hours in a day were cheating the Republic of three hours' work; those who were stealing goods in the harbour were stealing from the Republic. And so on. I liked his original way of ending a speech—by singing a verse of the May Day song. A good tip for orators—if they can sing. . . .

The coconut palm, the sugar palm, the coconut-oil palm and the nipa palm are individually as graceful as Margot Fonteyn. But I was dizzy with palm trees when we stopped at a tall black column, topped by a silver globe. I thought it was a "super" petrol-pump. It was, in fact, a modern obelisk marking the Equator. As I stood, one foot in the Northern Hemisphere, one foot in the Southern, I noticed several of those hand rubber-pressing machines of which I'd seen the model earlier that day in the First of May demonstration. Men were pressing the

latex through rollers as you squeeze a swimming costume through a mangle in most swimming baths.

A few miles farther on, we stopped at a lonely place where I wasn't a bit surprised to hear that people believed in black magic. Here, in a large open pavilion, were the tombs of the Sultans of Pontianak, surrounded by the oddest collection of wooden and stone sarcophagi where lesser fry lay higgledy-piggledy. The scene reminded me of Spencer's famous painting in the Tate Gallery. It was already too late (and too rude) to refuse the invitation to walk inside: barefooted, for this was holy ground, I wandered among the ornate royal dead in their glass houses.

The founder of the Dynasty of Pontianak was an "acute old rascal"—to quote the official Indonesian handbook. Abdoer Rahman was the son of an Arab theologian. He married a local princess, sold her lands to the East India Company in 1779, and was then recognised by the Dutch as the Sultan. Next door, lay the last Sultan; he was killed by the Japanese in 1943, together with nearly 2,000 "intellectuals" whom they suspected of planning a rising against them. The present Sultan Hamid is in prison somewhere in Java for the part he played in the recent Westerling affair.

This came as no surprise to me. I had met the Sultan at the Hague Conference in 1948, and he was already obviously disloyal to the Republic. In fact, like the first Sultan, he had sold his soul to the Dutch. At the time I compared him with Bao Dai. Both men are typical of the fast-disappearing decadent aristocracy in Asia. Both preferred to be absentee landlords, squandering in the night clubs of Paris and Amsterdam the taxes paid by their peasants and the "wages" paid by their Colonial rulers. And if to-day Bao Dai is free, while Sultan Hamid is safely behind bars, it is mainly because Bao has been able to add good American "military" dollars to his francs. . . .

Meet the Governor of Kalimantan, Dr. Moedjani. Unesco has already familiarised us with the idea of "Man against the Desert." I recommend them to send Ritchie Calder out to Bandjarmassin to meet this "Man against the Swamps." His scheme for South Kalimantan alone would mean the draining of over a million acres of swamps. This would produce 600,000 tons of rice and provide, in the lower canalised waters, enough fish to feed everybody in the Republic of Indonesia. The problem is money, technicians, and machines to dredge and ditch and drain these swamps which could become as fertile as the lands round the Zuyder Zee. What an irony of history, I reflected, that the greatest drainers in the world should have left these swamps virtually untouched.

The truth is, of course, that Kalimantan was the worst victim of Dutch imperialism. While the Dutch amassed billions of guilders in Java, they ignored Borneo. The result is that, whereas Java, with its 50,000 square miles, has a population of 47 millions, there are only 2½ million people living in Kalimantan, which is four times bigger than Java and is the third largest island in the world. Only now that the Indonesians can plan for the benefits of their country, rather than for the Dutch shareholder, is there a chance to rectify the "unbalance" of an economy concentrated on Java. The Government has, in fact, allocated 16 million guilders for the drainage scheme of South Kalimantan, but the long-drawn out political crisis has delayed the Budget. Meanwhile, so that something can be started before the rains begin and a year is wasted, the Governor has transferred money from his local surplus derived from copra and rubber sales. And at the moment his Inspector of Agriculture, a devoted Dutch engineer, named Schorhuys, is in Djakarta trying to buy dredging machines. These are real pioneers, these men who plan to make the swamps green with young rice.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

Molecules à la Mode

If you insist, the chemists can, of course, make you a silk purse out of a sow's ear; just as they can make "rubber" out of chestnuts and cornhusks, "ebony" out of rubber, "ivory" out of milk, "wool" out of peanuts, "glass" out of coal and "leather" out of gun-cotton; that is, if you insist that plastics are just imitations and substitutes. But they are not. They are, in their own right, a new and independent group of materials as distinctive and as basic as wood, metal, glass or ceramics. If anyone doubts that, the British Plastics Exhibition and Convention which is being held at Olympia can prove it by the range and variety of its products and discussion, from use of plastics as massive bearings in steel-mills to their applications in surgery.

To-day Jaques, in plastic costume playing in the plastic *décor* of the Forest of Arden, might hymn the Seven Plastic Ages of Man. First the infant, mewling and puking in polyvinyl-chloride bibs and panties, cutting his first teeth on urea-formaldehyde and bawling for his cellulose-nitrate toys. Then the schoolboy, with his plastic satchel and shining morning teeth, cleaned with nylon toothbrush, coasting to school on ethyl-cellulose roller-skates. Then the lover, writing woeful ballads (with plastic ink and a cellulose-acetate ball-point pen) to his mistress' eyebrow (plucked with poly-methyl-methacrylate tweezers). Then the pilot, full of wizard oaths and moustached like a walrus, whose bubble reputation is the Perspex-domed cockpit. And then the Justice, who records his wise saws and modern instances on the plastic tape of a plastic dictating machine, at a phenol-formaldehyde desk. The sixth age shifts into the lean and vinyl-slippered pantaloon with cellulose-aceto-butyrate spectacles and polythene pouch, his nylon socks well-saved a world too wide. Last scene of all, he dodders to his end in a plastic coffin. It may not be as you like it, but it is as it is.

Historically, plastics are not new; it is only that the last 20 years have seen their burgeoning. Over a century ago, Schönbein discovered that by soaking cotton-wool in nitric acid he got nitrocellulose, which Faraday predicted would one day be used as a window-transparency. Instead, Nobel turned it, 80 years ago, into dynamite; but Parkes, about the same time, treated it with camphor and alcohol and got celluloid. A variant of nitrocellulose became "artificial leather" in the 1880s. Milk-casein was used in Ancient Egypt as a medium for fixing pigments; but, at the end of the 19th Century, the Bavarian, Spitteler, treated casein with formaldehyde and got the product which we know as buttons, poker dice, umbrella handles and knitting needles.

Towards the end of last century came cellulose-acetate which, in its sheet form, we know as "Cellophane," and in fibre form as rayon. Even that needed the First World War and the demand for "dope" for the treatment of fabric aeroplane wings to make it really commercial. Bakelite, the hard, "thermo-setting" resin, was first produced in 1910, but it was not until the beginning of the 'Thirties that it became publicly noticeable. The phenolic range to which Bakelite belongs suffers from the disadvantage of their dark colour, but the basic process—applying formalin to an acid—could be applied to urea, the first organic substance ever synthesised (1828). This was done in the 'Twenties, and from it we have the colourful range of picnic "crockery," lampshades and bottle tops; it is odourless and tasteless. In the 'Thirties came the development of polyvinyl-chloride, the flexible plastic which we now see as waterproofs and as most of the leather-like materials. And, as important, came polymethyl-methacrylate, developed by I.C.I. as "Perspex."

At the time of its discovery, I had written a description of a city created entirely out of the by-products of coal—even the beer and the margarine came from coal—and the chemists whom I had consulted had despaired of transparent resin for my windows; the likely resins from coal were all murky, like tired mica. But I chanced it; and, when the description appeared, one of the heads of I.C.I. cross-examined me. "Who's been talking?" he demanded, "Who's been telling you about our 'Resin M'?" And, in the process of my interrogation, I discovered all I needed to know about "Perspex," about which I had never heard.

Anyway "Resin M" was worth knowing about. It is that transparent resin which is familiar nowadays in an endless variety of ornamental boxes and fittings and which is extensively used as the unbreakable, mouldable "glass" of aircraft, where its "scratchability" has not the same disadvantages as dust would give it in motor-cars. But it has also properties of its own which excel glass. For example, light travels through it without "spread"—a light source at the end of a "Perspex" rod will emerge as a beam at the opposite end. So it can transmit round a bend or at a sharp angle. This makes it invaluable for surgical purposes: a plastic spatula can throw a light down the throat and other instruments can probe—with a lighted torch, as it were—into body cavities. Transparent splints, moulded on to the limb, can show the process of healing without the need to remove a plaster-cast.

In the 'Thirties, too, came the other major discovery—nylon—by Carothers, of Du Pont's. No woman would describe nylon as "artificial silk" nowadays because it is not a substitute but a straight choice, with the odds on nylon. Fashion-wise, this would rank with most women as the most important discovery of the 20th Century. And now, I.C.I. have come back with "Terylene." This comes from the oil-cracking products. It can be produced in sheets or in threads. The threads are extruded as a "melt" through tiny holes, and their strength is increased by stretching them at high temperatures. It can be used for fine fabric effects, but its role may be rather as "staple"; that is, as short lengths, spun into yarns like wool or cotton (possibly mixed with either) and the result is a warmth of "feel" and in fact. "Terylene" fabrics will not lose their crease or their pleat and, like nylon, need no ironing after rinsing. Then, of course, there is "Ardil," a protein-plastic from peanuts which has wool-like qualities.

Chemists refer to plastics as "tailor-made molecules." If they are given the specifications required—strength (like the use of resins for making mammoth gear-wheels); pliability (like polythene, which can provide bottles which can be pressed like a syringe); fineness (like the threads of nylon); transparency; insulation-properties (like the wrappings of cables and flexes and the making of electrical fittings); and so on and so on—the polymer chemists can find the exact requirement. They just keep on ringing the changes in the chains of molecules, like the conjuror with the Chinese rings.

Our paints, finishes, glues and bindings are now mainly these synthetic plastics. Increasingly so

are our fabrics. Even the traditional textiles like wool and cotton have been improved by treatment by plastics to make them crease-resisting, shrink-resisting and fire-resisting, or have been combined in mixtures with synthetic staple fibres. Once furniture and fittings manufacturers got rid of their ideas that plastics were a substitute for something else, and gave up pretending they were grained woods, the plastic-moulder could vie with, and in many ways surpass, the cabinet maker in both new designs and colours.

Plastics have invaded architecture and engineering—not just as facings and finishes but in actual structure. "Foamed plastic," a resin which has been blown up like soda-toffee or sorbo rubber, has a strength and lightness which can allow it to be used in aircraft as spans without bracings. Plywood using the binding properties of resins has become as pliable and mouldable almost as the press-plastics themselves.

This year Britain's export trade in plastics will amount to over £13,000,000. Plastics bulk high in any rearmament programme. They take tens of thousands of different forms starting from dozens of different chemical bases. Theoretically, they represent the escape from the limitations geography imposes on metals; most countries can develop a plastics industry—like Israel, whose President, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, was one of the chemists mainly responsible for the mass-development of plastic. Israel aims to compensate for its lack of mineral resources by "harvesting" plastics; it will use all its citrus waste and many other things, including the castor-oil plants of the desert, and it will obtain by fermentation the molecular chains for a plastic industry. Jungles can be converted in this way; deserts can be made to "work for their living"; the seas can be harvested (algenates from seaweed are just a beginning). This is the age of molecules *à la mode*, chemically fashioned to suit the fashion.

RITCHIE CALDER

Mrs. Figg's Maternal Heart

ONLY rich and idle childless women are supposed to develop excessive feelings for their dogs, but this is a mistake. There are two labourer's cottages near my cousin's poultry farm, and one of them is occupied by Mr. Eppin's cow-hand and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Figg. Figg is as gentle and almost as bovine a creature as his charges, a small, fleshy, shy man with eyes so innocent, a glance so blunt and uncomprehending, that he gives the impression of being a little mad. But he's very good with cows. His wife is a tiny, scraggy, shrill woman with steel-rimmed spectacles; and her manner, even when she asks a favour, is unsmiling, crazily serious, accompanied by wide, senseless gestures, uncouth and stiff, like those of a pithed and galvanised frog. The Figgs are childless, but they have a dog, a Great Dane. My cousin says it gets all their meat ration and most of the rabbits Figg takes in his snares. I've often seen Mrs. Figg out with the brute, hanging desperately on to a stout leather thong against which the dog strains and chokes. I've heard its deep, booming bark when I've passed the cottage after dark, and been afraid that it might be loose. Mrs. Figg's passionate devotion to this animal is embarrassing; the dog's as big as a calf, and my cousin says that when Mrs. Figg thinks she's alone with it, she baby-talks it.

The Figgs are a quiet, decent couple, and the village comments on Mrs. Figg's affection for her pet are good-natured, with the exception of Michaels', Eppin's foreman, who makes spiteful jokes about it, but then Michaels is a spiteful man, spiteful and amusing. He's the only countryman I've ever met who really looks like the sly, shrewd, lecherous peasant of fiction: he has a most disconcerting smile, delivered from the profile, with a twist of the mouth and a sideways, knowing sliding of the eyes. He wears cord breeches and gaiters and an old tweed coat Eppin gave him, chews a straw, carries an ash-plant—the complete caricature of the bumpkin. But he's sharp, penetrating and satirical. I remember meeting him in the pub one Wednesday evening just after the fried-fish van had been round. Michaels was eating fish out of a newspaper, which he was also reading, and he had a pint of beer on the bar beside him. I saw that indescribably sly leer slide over his face, and then he gave me a dig with his elbow

"Man and boy," he said, "Man and boy," and began to titter. That cockney irony from a kind of rustic clown was almost shocking: it gave one the feeling that Michaels knew a great deal about one's secret vices and found them entertaining. At all events, he was the only villager, my cousin says, who ever said anything disobliging about Mrs. Figg and her dog. He used to corner Figg, in the bar of an evening, and ask how "*the young 'un*" was, or refer to the dog as Figg's "*old boy*" which is the local phrase for a person's infant son. Figg would hang his head and flush; he never made any answer, and in the end he stopped going to the pub altogether.

I went to stay with my cousin, and the morning after my first night at the farm I helped to feed the poultry. There was one coop, or whatever they call it, in an open field, where they had fifty Light Sussex pullets, and when we got to it it was a shambles . . . seventeen dead birds, some with their heads bitten off. My cousin said it was a fox. He's an old-fashioned young man, and he said it was a judgment on him for being so cock-a-hoop over escaping fowl pest. He went to fetch Emily, his wife, who's a real country girl and understands this sort of farming disaster. She said no fox could have ripped those boards off—the killer had scratched off two rotten boards to get in—but that a badger could have done it. She'd seen it happen before, and a badger would bite the heads off like that. Poor Emily was nearly crying because she and my cousin are working with insufficient capital, and the loss was a serious one.

The very next morning, just as we were sitting down to breakfast, Mr. Eppin came to the door with a sergeant of police from the local market town. Mr. Eppin was very white and rather short in his speech, which surprised us because he's usually so amiable and always has time for a chat. He's a thin, rather sad-looking man, harassed, and inclined to be all behind with his ploughing. He and the sergeant wanted to know whether we'd heard a disturbance in the night . . . dogs barking, for instance? Emily asked them to come in, and they did, and while she was pouring them each a cup of tea the sergeant, who was an enormous, fattish man filling his uniform massively and with a great, heavy, red-faced head, took off his cap and looked round in a very deliberate manner and said, rather suspiciously, I thought:

"Books . . . *eh?*"

There were a couple of shelves of them, botany and nature poetry mostly; my cousin's rather a bookish man and writes pieces about wild flowers for the country papers. That sergeant, though, had such a manner that for a moment I knew what it was like to be in a police State and caught with forbidden literature.

But about the dogs in the night. Emily and my cousin said they'd heard nothing, but I said I'd been wakened at midnight by a dog or, I thought, dogs barking, and I asked why they wanted to know. Mr. Eppin said dogs had been worrying his sheep, had killed five and so badly mauled three others that he'd had to kill them.

The sergeant said to me, "So *you* think you heard barking . . . *eh?*" and I said, rather defiantly I think, that, yes, I had. He said, "What *sort* of barking?" and I said, well, just barking, you know, and at that he clapped his cap back onto his head as if he no longer owed respect to a house which sheltered such an idiot as me. Mr. Eppin was blowing on his tea and shaking his head dismally and then Emily burst out about the poultry and the badger. The sergeant swallowed his tea at a draught, turned a shade redder and said:

"You should've sent for the police. Might've been thieves."

Emily said she never knew thieves to bite the heads off chickens, and leave them behind, and the sergeant said "Ah" as if he thought us an uncommonly innocent lot, one way and another, and added that he'd investigate. We all went up to the field and my cousin explained what had happened and the sergeant examined the broken boards and said. "Badger . . . *eh?*" just as he had said "Books . . . *eh?*" implying something pretty deep.

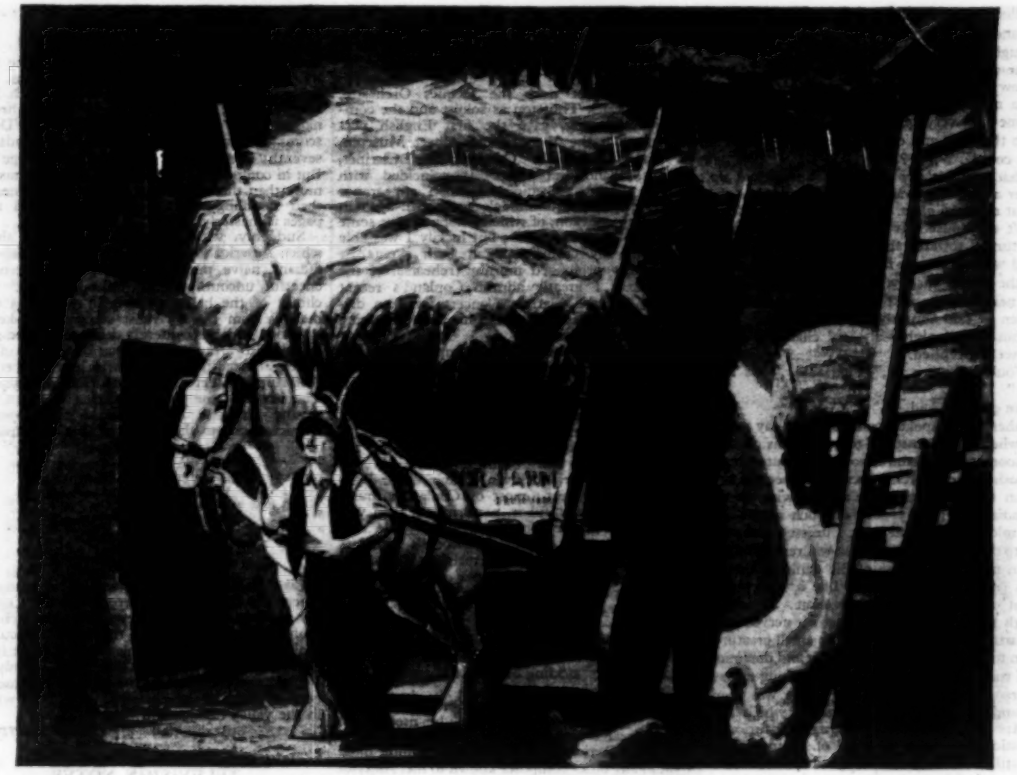
Despite the sergeant, the sheep-worrying continued and other people lost chickens.

A couple of days later, after helping to feed the chickens, I went for a walk. The sun was setting behind a thin screen of cirrus, and I stood to watch the cloud, a mosaic of crimson patches outlined with gold. Mrs. Figg came past on the grass verge, being towed by that monstrous great dog of hers. It stopped to sniff at an old rabbit warren in the bank and I caught a glimpse of its mask and thought how like Figg it was . . . I mean in character . . . that same want of definition. But the eyes, with the red sky reflected in them, were different. Innocent, but feral. I had to say something to Mrs. Figg so I said:

"That's a fine, big dog. I shouldn't want to cross *him*."

Mrs. Figg didn't say anything, but she shrank back into the hedge and stared at me. I couldn't see her eyes very well because of the red of the sky was shining in her spectacles but I was startled; she seemed to me absolutely terrified. She still didn't speak but she made a sort of inarticulate squawking noise and began to tug frantically at the dog to pull him away. I walked on and took a roundabout way to the pub and got there not much before closing time. The police sergeant was there and a lot of men who usually left much earlier, and there was a babble of excited talk. It took me some time to gather that one of Eppin's pedigree Jerseys had dropped her calf a little before it was expected the night before. The cow seemed to be in trouble, Figg had gone for the vet, Mr. Eppin had gone home for a quick meal and then back to the cow, to find the calf born but dead . . . savaged by a dog, and the cow badly hurt too. The dog must have jumped the half door of the byre. The cow and calf were valuable animals and this was a very serious matter and everyone was enjoying it tremendously.

Michaels was in his usual corner, his fingers stuck into the tight front pockets of his cords. He gave me his patronising nod. There was one of those sudden silences which make you look round, which I did. Figg had just come in and



HARVEST HOME

NEVER before has so much depended on the harvest home. Never before has the nation so much needed the fruits of its fields and meadows, orchards and gardens. Today British acres must produce the bulk of the food for man and beast. In this pressing task the chemist plays a vital part by helping the farmer first to grow larger crops, and secondly to protect these from seed time to harvest home. The chemist has shown that if the soil is to yield its best, it must be given additional supplies of the elements necessary for plant life and has made these available in the range of inorganic fertilizers. He is also constantly seeking new means of defence against the diseases, pests, and vermin which attack plant life. Mercurial seed dressings increase corn yields by thousands of tons yearly by preventing seed-borne disease. Sprays effectively protect farm and market garden crops from blight and mildew, and a barrage of dusts and winter washes ensures the health of fruit and hops. Better weapons against the host of insect pests are continually being found. British research has gone a step further, by reproducing the factors which control growth within the plant itself. Hormones which stimulate the formation of roots are actually procurable in tablet form. The British chemist in his laboratory stands behind the efforts of farmers, labourers and landgirls to ensure a bumper harvest home.

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P.R.12

was sidling up to the bar and I thought he looked white and ill. I turned back to my own drink and caught Michaels lifting his glass to me with that knowing grin on his face. He said: "Dogs . . . now that's a fine great dog of Mrs. Figg's. Make a meal of the sergeant here, that would." Everyone was very quiet again, and I saw Figg sidle to the door and out. The sergeant said:

"It could . . . *eh*?"

Michaels didn't say any more but picked up his beer and slowly drank it down, looking at the sergeant over the glass. I finished my own drink and left the house. It was nearly dark outside, and I turned towards the farm and was horribly startled when someone fell in beside me, coming from the dense shadow of the hedge. It was Figg: neither of us said anything for half a mile and then he said abruptly:

"Shut up all night—ah—an' chained, 'e is."

"I see," I replied.

"Wouldn't 'urt a fly," Figg said, "'e's that gentle."

"I'm glad," I said.

Neither of us spoke again, even to say good-night when Figg turned off to go into his cottage. The moon had risen, and I took a short cut through my cousin's cherry orchard and could see the ripe fruit on the trees, jet black and glowing in the pale radiance. I can't sleep on such nights and about midnight, or a bit later, I dressed and went down to the orchard. The moon was resting on the horizon now and because of the damp in the air it was enormous and yellow, like a new penny upright on the rim of a black plate. I walked through the orchard, quivering with nervousness and starting at every rustle of the small creatures busy in the grass. I went on walking and dreaming until I was disturbed by voices and looking up saw an extraordinary sight: the Figg's door was open, a rectangle of brilliant light against which Mr. and Mrs. Figg seemed to be struggling furiously for a stick they both had hold of. I must have stood still for a moment, paralysed with astonishment, and then I raced across to the gate, clambered over it, and as I landed in the road I could hear Mrs. Figg saying, "I couldn' stop 'im, a great dog like 'im. An' I won' shut 'im up. Cruel, it'd be."

Figg was breathless, he was gasping, "I tol' you. I tol' you a 'undred times to keep 'im shut up." He gave a wrench and got the stick into his hands and then I saw that it was a gun. He clapped it under his arm and went off across Eppin's forty acre in the waning, yellow moonlight. Mrs. Figg stood in her doorway, quite stiff, and began to cry, a howling, noisy, childish crying which was dreadful to hear. She was grotesque and pitiful but there was nothing one could do.

EDWARD HYAMS

BRONNLEY

FOR MEN OF DISCERNMENT

Toilet Soap 2/0½d., Talcum Powder 5/-. Shaving Bowl, After-Shave Lotion and Hair Tonic, each at 7/6d.

An Ideal Gift for Father's Day, June 17th

The Arts and Entertainment

AARON COPLAND

One night last week the Jacques Orchestra, with Frederick Thurston as soloist and the composer conducting, gave the first English performance, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, of Aaron Copland's Concerto for Clarinet, Strings, Piano and Harp. It coincided with Kirsten Flagstad's unique London appearance in the role of Brünnhilde's mother-in-law (an interesting occasion, of which I hope to give some account in a later article); but luckily I was able to satisfy my curiosity about both events by attending a prolonged morning rehearsal of the Concerto. I greatly admire Copland's recent music; and the Clarinet Concerto was no disappointment, being written in his most endearing and exhilarating vein.

It is a fairly short piece, composed in 1948 for Benny Goodman, and consisting of a slow movement linked by a cadenza to a brilliant, capering finale. The opening section proceeds in that slow, ruminative, intensely lyrical manner of which Copland has the secret; the key is C major, the colours soft, pure and brilliant, the texture simple and beautifully spaced. No modern composer, not even Stravinsky or Britten, has a finer ear; most of Copland's music sounds more beautiful in performance than you would have guessed from the score. The solo part, written for one of the world's nimblest virtuosi, tested even the imperturbable Thurston; nor do the Jacques string players possess the rhythmic precision and bounce, the characteristically American slick finish, demanded by the tricky jazz-inspired finale. They did fairly well, and perhaps better still "on the night"; but they were to some extent in the position of English actors tackling an American play. The accent wasn't just right.

In his mature music Copland not only reveals a vivid, spontaneous personality; he uses—as to a considerable degree he seems to have created—a native American musical idiom. In him, more than in any other composer known to me, America has at last found her voice. The voice is sometimes jaunty, sometimes tender; it speaks of two worlds, which we can broadly recognise as rural and urban, even when the music is not overtly descriptive. Some of Copland's warmest admirers see him as an essentially urban composer, an interpreter of the modern industrial scene; and it is true that he was born (in 1900) and bred in Brooklyn, and that his earlier music employed a rather hard, spare, abstract and unyielding style, enlivened with jazz elements—a style which derives from a sophisticated urban society. But during the last ten or fifteen years there has been a considerable development in Copland's musical personality. The texture remains spare and clean (as we should expect from a pupil of Nadia Boulanger), and jazz rhythms are still discreetly and ingeniously used; but the temperature is noticeably warmer, the melodic content more humane, and the composer has shown a marked and increasing love of pastoral and naive subjects. The Violin Sonata is perhaps the masterpiece of these years (it has received some notable B.B.C. performances from Brosa and Kathleen Long); while the three ballets, *Billy the Kid*, *Rodeo* and *Appalachian Spring* show most clearly the trend of his style.

Billy the Kid and *Rodeo* were given in London last autumn by the New York City Centre Ballet; *Appalachian Spring* has never been staged here, and I have no idea how successful it is as a ballet; but as an orchestral piece it is entrancingly fresh and brilliant, and I wish that the superb recording by the Boston Symphony Orchestra could be made available in England. The subject is marriage festivities among a remote farming community in the Pennsylvania hills early in the last century, and the music speaks to us in an unmistakable American vernacular. In the opening and closing pages Copland sensitively paints the sparsely populated scene with its great distances and wide horizons. To achieve this effect, he uses devices which have long been the commonplaces of "atmospheric" nature-music and frequently turn up in Delius scores: a diatonic idiom, with added seconds and sevenths hanging unresolved in the large air. But in composing, as in cooking, what counts still more than the ingredients is the exact manner of their handling; and Copland's touch in these pages is masterly.

Suddenly, with one of those bracing shocks which America loves to administer, the vision of radiant, naive purity is replaced by a scene of cheerful, uncouth, slightly raucous energy. The climax of the ballet consists of variations on a melody from the revivalist sect of "Shakers", a melody which is evidently dear to Copland since he has also arranged it as one of the set of five American traditional songs which are sometimes performed by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten. The words of the first two verses seem apt both to the idealistic aspirations of the American character, and to the nature of Copland's talent:

'Tis the gift to be simple,
'Tis the gift to be free,
'Tis the gift to come down
Where we ought to be.

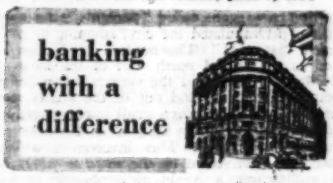
And when we find ourselves
In the place just right
'Twill be in the valley
Of love and delight.

Like Benjamin Britten, who is in many respects his English counterpart, Aaron Copland has used his immense cleverness and technical proficiency to arrive at the most difficult of goals: "the gift to be simple, the gift to be free." Both composers have incurred (mistakenly, as I think) the charge of sentimentality, because, for both of them, "the place just right . . . will be in the valley of love and delight."

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TELEVISION NOTES

In these notes I have referred before to the problem of what could be called dramatic space in the production on the television screen of plays originally intended for the stage. The trial scene in Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*, produced by Kevin Sheldon and Val Gielgud last month, is an interesting example of this. When Joan is brought into the Ecclesiastical Court, she sits as a lonely plain-clad girl surrounded by the robed representatives of the Church, some determined to give her a fair chance to save her soul, some bigoted, prejudiced and shouting for the flames. The stress and tension depend on our seeing Joan continuously as the hub of the dramatic wheel; the thrust and counterthrust of argument flows all around her. This is the picture given us in a stage production. In the television production this use of dramatic space, with its static central figure, has to be sacrificed, and the picture broken up into close-ups of speakers who become momentarily isolated so that their words may be registered individually. In the film quick, hard cutting can retain the rhythm of this kind of dialogue. Television cannot technically achieve quick cutting in this sense, and the result is a partly apparent, partly actual retarding of the dramatic tempo of a scene which should on the whole move quickly. But above all I felt the loss of Joan every time she was out of the picture (which was a great deal of the time the other characters were speaking), because I think Shaw wrote what he did with the constant sense of her presence in the centre of the stage. I thought Constance Cummings gave a performance very much in keeping with Shaw's conception of Joan; it is not easy to suggest the right blend of rough good humour and acute common sense which have to be combined with a desire humbly to accept the authority of the medieval Church and



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a complete conviction in the actuality of her country-girl's visions of the saints.

The Passing Show 1900–1950 is described as a chronicle in five parts of fifty years of show business; it is produced by Michael Mills and scripted by Rex Rienits, and each ten-year episode (of which at the time of writing the first two have been presented) lasts one and a half hours. As a nostalgic revival of the old songs it seems excellently done; what I query is the value of introducing a semi-historical and social background to this essentially light show in the form of recurrent glimpses of the life of a suffragette and of the political career of a Welsh Labour M.P., who is, incidentally, exceptionally well played by Anthony Oliver. The other glimpses—those of a young girl who is determined to become an actress and of a rather pompous army type with a son at a public school, fit in far better and give a spine to what might otherwise become a continuous series of "numbers." But the other two background elements, especially that of the Suffragette, which even went so far as to include the terrible newsreel shot of the woman who killed herself for her cause underneath the hooves of the King's horse in the Derby, seem entirely out of place.

I hope in a later article in this series to refer at greater length to the special work in film production for television which is growing in importance and interest under the direction of P. H. Dorté. This work includes Television Newsreel, and it is easy to accept without comment week by week the results of the Film Department's difficult commitment to produce a new fifteen-minute newsreel for television audiences virtually every other day. I am not yet sure that a style sufficiently distinct from that suitable for the cinema newsreel with its large-scale audience has yet been achieved, but the range of subjects included in television newsreel, and the generous space which is sometimes given to topics which reveal the local life of town and country, is admirable.

ROGER MANVELL.

THE MOVIES

"Macbeth," at the Cameo-Polytechnic
"Laughter in Paradise," at the Plaza

Always, coming away from a Shakespeare film, I find myself reflecting how much more suited to the screen is any other play of Shakespeare's than the one I have just been seeing. For a long while *Macbeth* seemed ripe for treatment; now that I've encountered Mr. Orson Welles's *Macbeth*, I shall transfer my hopes to *Othello*. To do Mr. Welles justice he hasn't queered the pitch: his *Macbeth* isn't Shakespeare's but his own, and we are free to enjoy or not this Wellesian excursion as good or bad cinema, and nothing else. Not so good, I'm afraid, must be the verdict. It is ominous that, long before the film ever gets started—before even the title and the titles—the story has to be thrown up in some printed detail on the screen. If Synopsis must be so plainly involved, how clear will the picture be? Chiaroscuro. And not the tempting, beguiling, thrown-away largesse of *The Magnificent Ambersons*, but woolly mist and fractional Shakespeare.

True, Mr. Welles tries to clear things on his own account by interpolating a good deal about Christianity versus witchcraft. This gives us a line, as it were, and as the film goes on we may be grateful indeed for any direction, however un-Shakespearean. Its strength is Mr. Welles himself. He has his presence, that (as one might expect) of an anguished bison; his diction, albeit at times dipped in Scots, reverberates; he has adopted in place of the usual Lady Macbeth a quiet hysteric (Jeanette Nolan); and Macduff tracks him down as decently on the crag-tops as, in the sewer days, did Harry Lime's best friend. But does Macbeth or even a round villain emerge? Hardly. The more barbarically Mr. Welles decorates himself, the more introspective he makes his wincings of conscience, the less of him and Shakespeare seems to emerge. What a muddle the action has become! How palaeolithic is the cloud-wrapped Mappin Terrace that does duty for a castle! How unliving is this court, without food, bed, blaze, retinue or anything else, except the photogenic foul weather and a sweep of steps cut in rock to help an actor's entrance! No knocking at the gate; no gate to knock at. When Macbeth has to face the advance of Dunsinane and the dueller "of no woman borne," he charactistically does it quite alone. (His lady, by the way, has just flung herself over the rocks: his army perhaps too?) This *Macbeth*, so hacked of text and padded with atmosphere, turns out to be little more than one of Mr. Welles's grandiose dreams. He wanted to do it; he has found, when it came to the point, that his vision lacked substance. Priests chanting services have been introduced, and a gnome called Satan who swings at last from a bell-rope. Well, it is not Shakespeare (we are bound in the end to admit we've heard of Shakespeare), and it isn't Welles: not at least Welles from whom, rightly or wrongly, we still expect a masterpiece. But disappointing though, from all angles, this piece of fleapit-storming may be, I must admit that I'd still rather be put off by Welles than lured on by most of what comes my way in the cinema. It may be he throws away his talent; it may be, not having quite enough of it, he is careless necessarily.

Laughter in Paradise is a machine-made English film about a practical joker who leaves his heirs to work out a last series of jokes. The film resolutely and conventionally amuses with the help of four simultaneous plots, and is saved by the performances of Mr. Alastair Sim as a secret thriller-writer and Mr. George Cole as an unadept bank-clerk. Mr. Sim, well fed by his script-writer, carries us a good deal of the way. He has—being, of course, despite low authorship gingerly irreproachable—to commit some crime which will be rewarded with three months in jail. (These are the terms of the will.) He inquires at the police station. He tries shop-lifting (this is genuinely uproarious). He heaves at last a (wrapped) brick through a jeweller's window. Thank heaven for Mr. Sim. But he must be getting tired of that flattery which requires him to save films from being too awful.

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THE YORK MYSTERY PLAYS

THE York Cycle of Mystery Plays, which take man from the Creation to the Last Judgment, at one time included no fewer than fifty-seven separate scenes, each associated with a City Gild, or small group of Gilds. Forty-eight of these have survived, and if it had nothing else to its credit, the revival of the greater part of the Cycle after an interval of nearly 400 years would make the Festival of Britain a memorable event. Unfortunately the text has had to be severely cut; only twenty-nine of the plays are given, and even these are mutilated. The medieval show began at 4.30 a.m. and lasted till dusk; the modern production begins at 8 p.m. and with the aid of electric light lasts into the darkness—till 11 p.m. The medieval show was given in the streets, from two-decker waggons called "pageants," and each pageant perambulated the city, stopping at convenient "stations." The modern production is fixed to the ruined north wall of the nave of St. Mary's Abbey, and the various scenes jump about the ruins, in and out of the arches and clerestory, on half a dozen small stages ranged in a row along the abbey wall, or on the lawn in front of the ruins. This involves a widely extended stage; seated on the extreme wings of the auditorium, it is almost impossible to see what is going on at the other extreme of the stage. Some adaptation of the movable pageant might have been more successful. Otherwise Mr. Martin Browne must be congratulated on a production that is swiftly moving, internally animated, colourful and dramatic. How easy, with such "shaming" scenes as the Fall, to produce an effect of bathos; that was avoided by simplicity of effects and directness of acting (but why do Adam and Eve only mime imaginary fig-leaves on to their rather baggy tights?). The great drama of the Passion was lifted to intensities that cowed the indifferent audience. (Mr. Seebohm Rowntree has just told us that only 13 per cent. of the population of York are now churchgoers.) When Hell's jaws were opened for the Damned, and the devils ran off with the screaming harlots, there was no applause.

The acting in general was as powerful and unaffected as it should be, but two things must be said in criticism. The plays were written in Yorkshire dialect, to be spoken in Yorkshire dialect; but for the most part the modern actors speak what is known as B.B.C. English. When occasionally a character was native in his speech, as were the Shepherds, and Cayphas's portress (Barbara Hughes), a new dimension of reality was added to the scene. Many more of the local actors might have been encouraged to leave their vowels broad. Only Lucifer (joyfully played by John van Eyssen) might have been given an Oxford accent. God the Father and Jesus present peculiar difficulties to a modern actor and producer, and it cannot be said that the legacy of the Pre-Raphaelites has been avoided. Burne Jones might have conceived such a God in nylon; and only the Church of England (or Holman Hunt) could have groomed this curly-headed, beardless Nordic Jesus (both are played anonymously yet impressively). Judas (John Heu), Lazarus (the greatest shudder—Dudley Foster) and Barabbas (James Scott) were magnificently grim; Pilate (Alec de Little) was the most convincing character of all. John the Baptist (Harry Beety) was suitably Semitic, and the Twelve Apostles were decently simple. Eve (Joyce Rankin), Mary (Mary Ure), and Mary Magdalene (Henzie Raeburn) were all beautifully played. The music (composed by James Brown, directed by Allan Wicks) was discreet. But what came over, in moving simplicity, was the poetry. What a strange nation we are! The York Mystery Plays are poetry of the highest order—plain, perspicuous and powerful. They are on the level of our medieval architecture, our medieval illuminations and stained glass. But who, but a few scholars, has read them? How many of us, before this present season, knew but dimly of their existence? The shorter version, as played at York, is now available in a text modernised by Dr. J. S. Purvis (S.P.C.K., 7s. 6d.). But the whole cycle should be a common possession, and the York performance an annual event.

HERBERT READ

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," at the Old Vic

Though scholars will continue to wrangle over the merits of this play, it presents no embarrassing alternatives to the producer. Farce, even though it be written "under the species of eternity" is still farce and there is only one way to take it in the theatre. Hugh Hunt is surely right to present this comedy as a one-dimensional hell-for-leather frolic, which only takes on a moonshine quality with the masque-like final scene in Windsor Forest. A revolving stage, simple and adequate scenery, and some effective lighting enable a fine cast to carry out his intentions. At least a dozen performances will remain in the memory: William Devlin's Shallow, a miracle of

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spirited decrepitude; Mark Dignam's Sir Hugh Evans; Richard Pasco's Simple; Leo McKern's Nym and Dorothy Tutin's Anna Page. Robert Edison, as Slender, treads his familiar closed circle of polished inanity. Add two pieces of exquisite burlesque—Alec Clunes's Ford and Paul Rogers's French physician. Watching these monochrome old humours spring to life is like seeing one's first cleaned Velasquez in the National Gallery. A sense of outrage is followed by intense pleasure. All these performances are so good as to make one almost forget the absence of Falstaff. Roger Livesey never, I felt, came near the fat knight. He is a genius with Blimps and he plays Falstaff as one—a seedy, saloon-bar schemer, a malevolent Chinstrap less a Shakespearean character than an impersonation of Fred Emney. Peggy Ashcroft's Mistress Page makes one wary of superlatives. Comparisons with players one has never seen are inadmissible, yet, if all we have read and been told is true, Miss Ashcroft must have something of the same quality as Ellen Terry—a light and fire that spring from a total intellectual apprehension of the part rather than from any effort of simulation. Hers is a superb and radiant performance. J. N. B. R.

"Man and Superman," at the Prince's

Mr. John Clements has transferred his production of *Man and Superman* to the Prince's, and each Saturday he is playing the play entire, starting at 5.15 and going on till 10.30. This is a feat of endurance for actors and audience alike; only connoisseurs are recommended to try it. Doubtless it is still heresy to find that third act—where Don Juan, Dona Ana, the Devil and the Statue conduct their dream debate—deeply boring, for to Shavians proper it is the core of the play. Perhaps those who are hearing it for the first time may be held by it, but for most of us the ideas have become commonplaces, an accepted part of an intellectual climate; and how are commonplaces to keep the attention for two solid hours? Poetry (or music) might do it, for the overtones of poetry reverberate in the mind and repetition deepens the pleasure. But repetition is fatal to mere ideas; they give their shock once only. They can go on doing their work only when they are in action, woven into the stuff of comedy itself. The play itself is still delightful but the Hell scene is for me arid in spite of the superb skill with which the debate is conducted, the consummate craftsmanship of the lay-out. Mr. Esmé Percy comes into the cast on Saturdays to give a splendid brio to Mendoza and the Devil. Mr. Clarke-Smith is an admirable Statue and Mr. John Clements carries over into Don Juan the exuberant vitality of his Jack Turner. But I have one serious complaint about the transfer to the Prince's. This theatre is far too big for Shaw and the acoustics are not good. Sitting at the side of the fifteenth row I could catch only about one half of what was said, both in the play and the Hell scene, and this in spite of the advantage of knowing them moderately well. Those farther back must have heard very little.

T. C. W.

FESTIVAL NOTES

Poetry and Music at the Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1

Since 1943 the Apollo Society has organised programmes of poetry and music in theatres, schools, colleges and village halls. This summer it has been invited by the Arts Council to celebrate the Festival with eight recitals, each sponsored by a poet who is also one of the readers, in their fine reception room at St. James's Square. The recitals are not poetry readings with musical trimmings. The idea inspiring them is that the poems and the music should each play their part in creating a complex whole, and the programmes are built up with an eye to correspondence of tone and structure as well as to similarity of theme and mood. Thus, at this week's reading, sponsored by C. Day Lewis and with John Hunt at the piano, Mozart and Pope were grouped together (Phantasie in D minor and extracts from *Moral Essays*); the Immortality Ode was read—superbly, by C. Day Lewis—between the first and third movements of Beethoven's A flat major Sonata (Op. 26); and Chopin's Polonaise in C sharp minor introduced a group of poems on the theme of Resurrection—Yeats's *Rose Tree* and *Easter* 1916, Binyon's *Burning of the Leaves*, Whitman's *Reconciliation*. To the variety of words and music was added the contrast of two voices: Mr. Day Lewis's which offered the poetry, and not his personality, to the audience; Dame Edith Evans's, with a wider range of tone and volume, apt for the declamation of Whitman and, more unexpectedly, most effective in Day Lewis's own conversational *Italian Visit*. The British are not always comfortable listening to poetry in or out of the theatre. They never know whether it deserves a hush or a clap—if they hush they look self-conscious, if they clap they feel guilty of coarseness. Nor do we have a generally accepted tradition of speaking poetry like the French. But it does seem that these recitals are helping to create a hybrid art of great possibilities, a chamber music of voice and instrument that may well be a popularising agent of poetry, but that remains in its essence, and in the best sense, a highly formal art. J. A. S.

Traditional Art from the Colonies, at the Imperial Institute

Although this exhibition of work from Africa and Oceania deserves to be warmly recommended, one feels that the visitor should be warned that any resemblance between an Ashanti gold-weight and a statuette by Henry Moore is purely coincidental. The superficial influence of Negro sculpture on European art, the precise history of each particular ritual, the investigations of Freud, etc., are irrelevant, for most of these exhibits can and should be appreciated imaginatively *for their own sake*. There is, for instance, the famous dancing figure of a man from North Borneo. As an object it dances—like a stone rolls—from its centre. There are formalised masks and heads, carved in wood and possessing that curious mixture of animate and inanimate nature which a child discovers in the furniture of a darkened room. There are both simple and intricate carvings of mothers and children—the mothers' breasts pointing at the children like the heads of alerted animals, the dark spaces between the two figures like lairs dug in a hill. There is a Benin leopard carved in ivory with copper studs as spots—a household god of the jungle. There are the mysterious and almost nostalgic Ife portraits. In every case their significance as symbols is sufficiently large for us to appreciate them in terms of our own imaginative experience, while their purely sculptural qualities are obvious enough; there is little fundamental difference between the sculpture and the decorated bowls and implements in the craft section of the exhibition. Nearly all were made to be worn and handled, and consequently their secret, their power, is hidden inside them like the kernel of a nut; it is never to be found in their surface appearance.

J. B.

Israeli Arts and Crafts, at the Ben Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1

One tends to suspect displays of craft-work, for the exhibits are so often either *crafty* ("objects of easy virtue," as Nicholas Blake once called them) or falsely exquisite—things, created in a vacuum, to be seen rather than used. This exhibition refutes such ideas. It is divided into two sections. The first contains examples of eighteenth- or nineteenth-century work in the Yemenite tradition—a tradition so ancient and constant that it is difficult to date any particular design; the second contains contemporary work done in the schools and craft centres of Israel. This, at its best, is based on a lively synthesis of the old and the new, the East and the West. The anklets, bracelets, necklaces and rings, the black velvet coats and cads, which are embroidered and brocaded with similar motifs, are particularly exciting. Their silver looks strong without being flamboyant, their detail fine without being fragile. One is reminded that jewellery is not just the prerogative of Bond Street or Fifth Avenue, but is as old and *necessary* as the axe and the bowl; that when it is made and worn properly, it does not merely adorn, but is itself the live expression of an easy, inherent pride. It is, in fact, a sense of confidence that distinguishes all the work, the batique silks, the woven cloth, the pottery and the dolls. Designs vary in quality; some are a little too smart; some are undeveloped.

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SOCIALISM AND REARMAMENT

SIR,—Once again we must be grateful to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for presenting a popular prejudice with such lucidity that its fallacies are easily exposed.

Messrs. Balogh and Seers recognise with you that the British Government's domestic, foreign and defence policies must all be governed by the estimate it forms of the war danger. I profoundly agree. But they go on to say that only two alternative estimates are possible, one of which is essentially Right wing and the other Left wing: the Right considers Russian aggression an urgent danger, while the Left considers the danger less immediate; the Right estimate entails Right-wing domestic and foreign policies, the Left estimate Left-wing policies.

So many people share this opinion that it is worth examining. Is it possible rationally to maintain that one's estimate of Soviet intentions must depend on one's attitude in domestic politics, and that the Left must be more optimistic than the Right? Of course not. The Yugoslav Government is surely Left rather than Right. Yet it takes so gloomy a view of the war danger that its defence preparations swallow a higher percentage of its national income than in any other country, it has mobilised proportionately ten times more divisions than Britain, and it is making political sacrifices to obtain support from capitalist countries. The threat to Yugoslavia may be more immediate than the threat to Britain. But does anyone imagine that if Yugoslavia were attacked, a European and world war involving Britain might not be the result?

Obviously the estimate one forms of Soviet intentions should not depend on party politics, and if it does, the Left should not obviously be more optimistic than the Right.

Then why do Messrs. Balogh and Seers, together with so many others, believe the contrary? A few years ago their optimism might have stemmed from sentimental illusions about the nature of the Soviet regime. Nowadays it is much more likely to be based on an inversion of the principle they affect to take as their starting-point. Because they believe a pessimistic estimate is incompatible with a "Left" policy at home, therefore the pessimistic estimate must be Right—and by definition wrong. This inversion of the basic principle that our policies must be governed by our estimate of the war danger is a classic case of wishful thinking. It is not surprising in two Oxford economists whose professional interest lies in domestic rather than in foreign policy. But it is depressing to feel that others who share their opinions may have been misled by the same fallacious reasoning.

A final point. Quite apart from the emotional prejudices which led your correspondents to judge estimates of Soviet intentions by the criteria of Right and Left, the two estimates which they present as exclusive by no means exhaust the possibilities. You can believe in the urgent danger of world war without believing that Russia herself intends to start a world war. Korea is the obvious example. When the Soviet rulers launched the North Korean armies southwards they did not expect world war to ensue. Neither did we when we intervened—until the events of December 1950. But we nearly had a world war. Once the fighting starts, no one can say where it will end.

If Russia repeats the Korean gamble with a satellite aggression somewhere else, we may not be so lucky again. Yugoslavia is a case in point. And so long as the Cominform armies outnumber ours so heavily at all points round the periphery of Soviet power, the Russians may be tempted to repeat the gamble. Our present rearmament programme is intended to deter that type of aggression at the points where it would be most dangerous. Whether it is adequate for that task I do not know. But it is rightly based on an objective estimate of the dangers and not on wishful thinking.

DENIS HEALEY

Highgate.

SIR,—Colonel Malone says that to try for a "live and let live agreement" between the Communist and non-Communist worlds is "appeasement of the worst kind" unless the Soviet leaders desire it. How are we to find out whether they desire it—they have said they do often enough—unless we make definite proposals to call their bluff, if it be a bluff? As for appeasement, I suggest Colonel Malone take to heart Sir Gladwyn Jebb's remark: "The word 'appeasement' should if possible be avoided, since, though largely meaningless in itself, it can be interpreted as excluding any negotiations of any kind, even of a cease-fire."

I will be quite specific, since Colonel Malone objects to what he calls "vague generalisations". Let our Government put forward proposals for peace in Korea based on the recognition of the Government of China, its sovereignty over Formosa, and its right to a seat on the Security Council, and including the withdrawal of *all* foreign troops (i.e., Chinese as well as Western) from Korea; a provisional Government set up by the Security Council for the whole of Korea; and a scheme for economic aid in the rehabilitation of Korea, with elections to a Constituent Assembly so soon as they become physically possible. The Korean Communist Party and its political allies should, of course, be on a footing of equality with other political parties and groupings in Korea, both in the provisional Government and in the subsequent elections.

Let us further make it clear to the Americans that, unless we can come to terms with them on some such basis of negotiation within a reasonable time, we shall withdraw our forces from Korea and take our own line on the Korean conflict in the United Nations. We would do this in any case if and when the U.S. proceeded to blockade China or to bomb Chinese territory.

We should be ready to follow this up with refusing to allow American forces to be stationed on British territory and by saying that we cannot be committed to war under the Atlantic Pact failing a decision of the Security Council, in accordance with the overriding obligations of the U.N. Charter.

Let us similarly put forward a scheme for a European settlement, including the unification and disarmament of Germany, East and West, with recognition of existing frontiers and genuinely free elections, and be ready to part company with the U.S. and to make a separate peace with both China and the Soviet Union if they accept our terms and the U.S. refuses.

And let us seriously investigate what we should lose by any economic reprisals the U.S. might take, what we can do to assure ourselves of the necessary raw materials from the Empire and from Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union and China, in exchange for what we might lose by American action.

Of course, we should make it clear that whereas a break with the U.S. would be a lesser evil than to drift into war because that country was incapable of making peace, our main purpose would be to bring about a compromise between the two great armed camps that would relieve us of the fear of war and the burden of armaments.

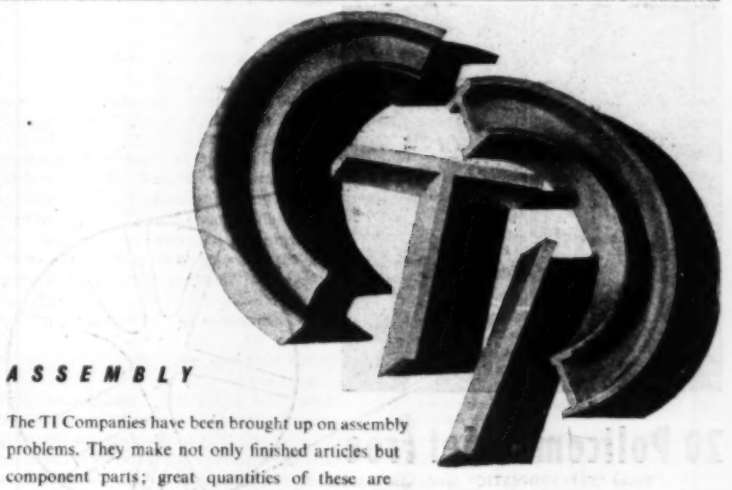
This, as THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION says, at bottom requires a fresh analysis of what we mean by the danger of Communism in the world of to-day. We want not only a Socialist foreign policy, but Socialist intellectual and moral foundations for our attitude to the social revolution that has triumphed in two-fifths of the world in countries (with the sole exception of Czechoslovakia) that have never known the rights of man and Parliamentary Democracy. Fear and hate alone are not enough!

K. ZILLIACUS

60 Abbey Road,
London, N.W.8.

BRITAIN AND CHINA

SIR,—I warmly welcome the letters from your respondents of Tsinghua University and from Mr. Tsou in this country. In "our great debate" the British people need a contribution from the Chinese. Both THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and the Peace with China Council have consistently stressed the Chinese point of view. But Critic is right in asking that there should be a greater understanding by the Chinese of our difficulties. No allowance has been made by your correspondents for the unceasing efforts of this country at Lake Success to persuade the United



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States, and those countries at United Nations which follow her lead, to accept the policy which we have advocated since January, 1950. The Peace with China Council regretted the decision of the Government to support the American resolution branding China as an aggressor, but the Council recognised that the problem which faced the British Government at United Nations was the limiting of the Korean war and an agreement on the future status of Formosa, and the right of the People's Government to a seat on the Security Council—a question of ways and means. The Chinese, of all people, should appreciate the art of compromise.

Mr. Tsou, in his letter of May 26, referred to the refusal by the British Government of a visa to the leader of a Chinese delegation to this country. He made no reference to the denial of exit and entrance permits to British merchants of Shanghai, nor to the fact that the representative of Reuter's was forced to leave China. There was no reference to the incident reported by the New China News Agency that Canadian nuns had been forced to kneel on the railway station in Canton and afterwards were paraded through the streets of Canton naked. Nor to the arrest of nuns in Nanking and the insistence by the Chinese authorities that the British Consul should apologise for making inquiries as to the reason for their arrest. If friendship and understanding are to be achieved between Britain and China, it must be a two-way traffic. The People's Government has defined foreign administration and aid of missionary activities as "cultural aggression which must be wiped out." In that case, why not allow missionaries to leave and give them every facility to do so? They have served China according to their own beliefs.

On the other hand, your correspondents of Tsinghua University in voicing the fear and hatred of Japanese rearmament were speaking for many people in this country, in the Commonwealth and in South-East Asia. Millions—and I repeat millions—of Chinese, between 1931 and 1945 suffered starvation, torture and death through Japanese aggression. Britain has insisted that all countries who fought Japan should share in the framing of a Peace Treaty. On this basis, surely it follows that the People's Republic, perhaps more than any other country, has the right to determine the future status of Japan.

Is it not clear from this correspondence that understanding is required on both sides?

HILDA SELWYN-CLARKE

3 Chivelston, London, S.W.19

FREEDOM AND CATHOLICISM

SIR,—Mr. Butler gives no reference for his quotation from an unnamed book of mine, but he is apparently quoting from *And the Floods Came* which is not, as he falsely says, a "recent" book but ten years old. This book describes my attempts to convert Catholics in neutral Ireland and what was then neutral America to the justice of our cause. So far from desiring war against Russia I had always regarded as insane the preparations which were made by the Government before the collapse of Finland for sending troops to Finland, including a ski-ing battalion. In Ireland I was often asked, "Why does not Britain, which professes to be fighting for Christian civilisation and democracy, declare war on Russia which is atheist and totalitarian and which has overrun Finland and Poland?" To this I replied that *Protestant* England could hardly be expected to lead a *Catholic* Crusade unless neutral Eire joined in. The Irish are not a humourless race, and it is left for Mr. Butler completely to miss the point of an ironic reply. But it is grossly unfair to credit anybody outside a lunatic asylum with *seriously* holding out hopes that Protestant England would lead a Catholic Crusade.

I do not travel round with a library of my own books but I should be surprised to learn that I had really "admitted" that Father Coughlin had been neither "silenced nor censured" by the authorities of the Church. He was severely censured at Rome and silenced by his own Archbishops. The kind of "Liberal" who indulges in selective indignation is not as common in the Church as among those who condemn Coughlin and applaud Mr. Blanshard. And if Mr. Blanshard thinks this comparison unfair he has only to accept my challenge to co-operate in the kind of controversial book for which my published controversies with Father Ronald Knox, Dr. Joad, Professor J. B. S. Haldane and the late Dr. G. Coulton supply a precedent.

I am sure that Mr. Butler, in conformity with the tradition of civilised controversy, will express regret for crediting me in all seriousness with a proposal which, as the context proves, was wholly ironical.

ARNOLD LUNN

THE NUMBER OF STUDENTS

SIR,—May I draw the attention of your readers to the proposed Civil Estimates on Education and the deleterious effects arising from the suggested decrease in expenditure on University awards.

The Barlow Report, the University Grants Committee and the Universities, themselves, have all urged the need for a University population of between 80,000 and 90,000. With awards under the Further Education and Training Scheme no longer available to persons leaving the Forces, not even the Government Working Party's recommendations for 2,000 State Scholarships, 2,000 Supplemented Open Awards, 2,000 Awards to Colonial Students, 7,000 Awards from Local Education Authorities and 5,000 privately financed students, are likely to be maintained. Even with this annual intake of 18,000 students, we are likely to face a drop in the University population especially in view of the fact that 5,000 privately financed students are unlikely to be forthcoming.

The Education Estimates for 1951/52 show a decrease in Ministry of Education expenditure on awards of £3,713,260, which is offset to some extent by increases in Local Education Authority awards, but still show an overall decrease exceeding two million pounds compared with last years' expenditure. Even on the most generous estimates this can only result in a drop of at least 3,000 Grant-aided students in the number within the Universities for the session 1951/52.

Furthermore, the figure of 7,000 Local Education Authority awards is based on the assumption that L.E.A.s will award grants to all students accepted by a University which would place the onus for maintaining the level of the University population solely upon the academic authorities. Further, it is obvious that many L.E.A.s either have not the will or the means to implement this policy, and it may, therefore, become necessary to give special Treasury aid at once if L.E.A.s are to replace the F.E.T. Scheme.

Our aim in writing to you is to enlist the support of your readers for the efforts of the students of this country in preventing a continued serious decrease in the number of students attending Universities.

B. BOURNE
Secretary
Union Society,
Queen Mary College.

BERT BRECHT

SIR,—In a recent issue of your journal, Mr. Peter de Mendelssohn described how a new opera, *The Trial of Lucullus*, had allegedly been banned by the Socialist Unity Party after only one performance at the East Berlin State Opera House.

Your readers may be interested to know that the opera, with some small additions to the text by Bert Brecht, the author, will be included in the Autumn repertoire and presented again in East Berlin in September or October this year.

Brecht explained to nearly 300 West German writers and artists who attended an All-German Cultural Congress at Leipzig on May 16 that the opera had not been banned, but withdrawn from the programme at his own wish. He had written the opera many years ago under quite different conditions; and, as it stood, it was liable to be misinterpreted. He had had long discussions on the subject with the entire Cabinet of the German Democratic Republic, and as a result had decided to withdraw the opera from performance until he could make the minor additions to the text which he felt were necessary.

JOHN PEET
Dallwitzstrasse 5,
Berlin-Friedrichsfelde.

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Books in General

"THE modern chemist is likely to be weak in zoology, weaker still in his general knowledge of Elizabethan drama, and completely ignorant of the principles of rhythm in English versification. It is probably safe to ignore his knowledge of ancient history." Thus Whitehead twenty-five years ago, in *Science and the Modern World*. The aggrieved chemist, singled out to denote the results of "modern professionalism in knowledge," might well have retorted, for that matter might still retort, that the only fragment of scientific knowledge the average layman of literary interests could be guaranteed to possess was a slight acquaintance with the phenomenon of catalysis, and this derived not from the observation of experiments nor from the study of textbooks but from a reading of a famous essay by Mr. T. S. Eliot. And the chemist would only have been stressing, as Whitehead was doing, a fact so obvious that the statement of it has long been a platitude: that there is scarcely any longer such a thing as the unity of knowledge, that there is a profound rift in our culture, that more and more art and science are seen as "different and somehow incompatible interests," that, as Mr. Edwin Muir suggested in a recent broadcast, the balance between the imagination and the analytical intellect of science has been lost.

What, however, it is altogether too easy to forget is that this alienation of science from the arts and humanities is something quite new. Dr. Bronowski, who is himself at once scientist, poet and literary critic, and whose book* is an eloquent plea for the unity of knowledge, reminds us that in the first great age of science natural philosophers and men of letters joined together in the fellowship of the Royal Society, Newton and Dryden walked together, knowledge was whole. Nor was the rift soon apparent. Eighteenth-century poetry existed in the shadow of Newton, at any rate until Blake. According to Whitehead, "What the hills were to the youth of Wordsworth, a chemical laboratory was to Shelley." Nor is it to be expected that Coleridge, who was interested in every branch of knowledge and who numbered Humphrey Davy among his friends, should have failed to be interested in chemistry, the dominant science of his day. Tennyson was the spokesman of the educated Victorian layman's preoccupation with the biology of the age; there was a time when Meredith was thought of as "the poet of Evolution"; and now here is an American scholar, Mr. Joseph Beaver†, to show us a Whitman who set out quite deliberately to make himself the poet not only of the New World but of a new age, the age of science. The following passage from Whitman's journals, quoted by Mr. Beaver, is significant:

> To you. First of all prepare for study by the following self-teaching exercises. Abstract yourself from this book; realise where you are at present located, the point you stand that is now the centre of all. Look up overhead, think of space stretching out, think of all the unnumbered orbs wheeling safely there, invisible to us by day, some visible by night; think of the sun around which the earth revolves; the moon revolving round the earth, and accompanying it; think of the different planets belonging to our system. Spend some minutes faithfully in this exercise. Then again realise yourself upon the earth, at the particular point you now occupy. Which way stretches the north, and what country, seas, etc.? Which way the south? Which way the east? Which way the west? Seize these firmly with your mind, pass freely over immense distances. Turn your face a moment thither. Fix definitely the direction and the idea of the distances of separate sections of your own country, also of England, the Mediterranean Sea, Cape Horn, the North Pole, and such like distinct places.

"This may be description of a sort of Yoga exercise," comments Mr. Beaver, "but it is also a faithful description of Whitman's effort to orient himself to the physical world"; and in his learned book he shows us Whitman striving to express in his verse his generic "I" set in his position in biological time and astronomical space, employing imagery whose meaning can sometimes be completely grasped only if the physical laws and evolutionary theory from which it is derived are known to the critic.

But when, and how, did the alienation of the arts from science begin? It is on these questions that Dr. Bronowski, whose own approach to science may I think be fairly described as aesthetic—witness, for example, his comment on "Ockham's razor"—is especially illuminating. "Science and the arts," he notes early in his book, "shared the same language at the Restoration." For many years a common language endured; the theory and the argument of *The Origin of Species*, for instance, were as readily comprehensible to the educated layman as were those of Mill on Liberty or Bagehot on the English Constitution, nor was what we may perhaps call the tone of voice of a scientist like Darwin greatly different from that of his non-scientific contemporaries. Nevertheless, with the development of the mathematical sciences the common language was gradually eroded, and Dr. Bronowski suggests that the reason why "the nineteenth century got so excited about the age of the earth and the descent of man" was precisely because "they were in the one field where everyone knew the language." He might have added, that the more specifically scientific language approximated to mathematical language, the less possible became the expression of such emotion as we find in Darwin; and this is important, because the layman wants not only to know what the findings of science may be but also how he should feel about them.

How he has felt about them in our time may be seen easily enough from literature. The best English, French and American writers of the past two generations have been overwhelmingly anti-scientific; they have in fact been reacting *against* science. It is here that the implications of Dr. Bronowski's book become exciting.

> There are three creative ideas, [he says], which, each in its turn, have been central to science. They are the idea of order, the idea of causes, and the idea of chance . . . All are wider and deeper than the techniques in which science expresses them. They are common-sense ideas; by which I mean that they are generalisations which we all make from our daily lives, and which we go on using to help us run our lives.

The first great result of the concept of order was Newton's formulation of the laws of gravitation, which were accepted in his day and throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century as the final example of God's design; the *Principia*, in fact, had almost the authority of divine revelation. But the idea that dominated the minds of the nineteenth century and of our own time has been that of cause and effect. We tend now, almost as a matter of course, to see the universe, the processes of life itself, as a machine—and it is exactly against this that writers have been in revolt for seventy years. We have seen what happens, for instance, when fiction has decided to be "scientific," whether the science patronised is physiology, as with Zola, heredity, as with Ibsen, psycho-analysis (which I suspect Dr. Bronowski would not consider a science), or the history of life, as in Virginia Woolf's *Between the Acts*: in every instance, the results, however brilliant, are finally unacceptable because they show characters caught in an iron determinism. Hope is a delusion. Initial causes are as arbitrary and irresponsible as Hardy's "purblind doomsters."

But, says Dr. Bronowski, it was never really like that at all. The whole notion of causality has been exploded, exploded first of all where it seemed indestructible. "The Devil, howling *Ho! Let Einstein be!*" restored not, of course, the *status quo*:

> And yet, and yet, the laws of gravitation have gone. There is no gravitation; there is no force at all; the whole model is wrong. All that theory was no more than a happy approximation to what really happens.

Indeed, so far from the universe and nature being governed by immutable laws, it now appears that what lies at the heart of the universe and nature is—uncertainty. The future of the electron cannot be predicted with complete certainty because we can never be completely certain of its present. Heisenberg's principle of uncertainty refers to very small particles and events, but, as Dr. Bronowski comments:

> These small events are not by any means unimportant. They are just the sorts of events which go on in the nerves and the brain and in the giant molecules which determine the qualities we inherit.

This revolution Dr. Bronowski summarises:

> [The notion of uncertainty] replaces the concept of the *inevitable effect* by that of the *probable trend*. Its technique is to separate so far as possible the steady trend from local fluctuations. The less the trend has been overlaid by fluctuations in the past, the greater is the confidence with which we look along the trend into the future. We are not isolating a cause. We are tracing a pattern of nature in its whole setting. We are aware of the uncertainties which that large, flexible setting induces in our pattern. But the world cannot be isolated from itself: the uncertainty *is* the world. The future does not already exist; it can only be predicted . . . History is neither determined nor random. At any moment, it moves forward into an area whose general shape

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* *The Common Sense of Science*. By J. BRONOWSKI. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.

† *Walt Whitman—Poet of Science*. By JOSEPH BEAVER. *Cumberlege*. 18s.

is known but whose boundaries are uncertain in a calculable way . . . The will on the one hand and the compulsion on the other exist and play within these boundaries.

Significantly, Dr. Bronowski finds these ideas reflected already "vaguely in the novels of the young French writers," and one is tempted to describe his book as an outline of existentialist science. For, without pressing the parallel too far, it would seem that the inferences of the principle of uncertainty as Dr. Bronowski describes it have at least some affinities with existentialism. If statistical probabilities have taken the place of immutable laws and if it is the essence of statistical probabilities that they can tell us how often, in a given series, the coin will fall heads and how often tails, but can never tell us the sequence in which they will fall heads or tails, then once again the onus for the future is thrown upon individual choice and action.

For literature the consequences of the theories he outlines could be important. It is not that one wants poets to versify scientific hypotheses; genuine scientific poets will always be as rare as genuine philosophic poets, and for the same reason. And certainly one doesn't want merely an array of imagery from the latest technological progress. What one dreams of, of course, is that poets and men of letters should be as much at home in the ideas that have made their world as Dante and Chaucer were in theirs and Dryden in his. Perhaps it is no longer possible. But if that is so, science, to go back to Wordsworth, will never put on a form of flesh and blood and take its place as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man. In which case, we may expect the "loss of nerve" that according to Dr. Bronowski has befallen us as a result of the shattering of the unity of knowledge, to be progressive.

WALTER ALLEN

BALLAD OF THE OUTER LIFE

And children slowly grow with their deep eyes
That know of nothing, slowly grow and die,
And every one of us goes his own way.

Into the harsh fruit sap and sweetness rise
And, sweet, like a dead bird it falls at night
And for a few days festers where it lies.

And always the wind blows and we recite
And take in many words, sound after sound,
And in our limbs feel languor or delight.

And roads run through the grass and towns are found
Here, there and elsewhere, full of torches, trees
And ponds; and threatening, death-like towns abound. . . .

To what end were they built and who decrees
That they should differ so and bear strange names?
Why laughter now, then weeping or disease?

What is all this to us, and why these games,
Who, great and lonely, ever shall be so
And, wandering, never look for any aims?

Who can see much that matter when he roams?
Yet he says much who utters "evening,"
A word from which grave thought and sadness flow

Like honey dripping from the hollow combs.

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL
Translated by MICHAEL HAMBURGER

TO KNOW OURSELVES

English Life and Leisure. By B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE and G. R. LAVERS. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

When, in 1901, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree published *Poverty: a Study of Town Life*, he broke new ground in social inquiry. His aim then was "a detailed investigation into the social and economic conditions of the wage-earning classes" in York. Mr. Rowntree's researches have always been inspired by the most practical regard for those great classes of the population whose modes of living were generally ignored by a comfortable and complacent middle class. In making educated people conscious of the sort of houses in which wage-earners' families had to live, of the sort of diet to which they were confined and of the price, in terms of hardship and ill-health, which they paid for raising a family, Mr. Rowntree has contributed very substantially to our self-knowledge as a nation. It is because of this self-knowledge that all political parties have become committed to a programme of social welfare of which the foundations are now firmly laid. Minimum wages, family allowances, housing and food subsidies, unemployment and sickness benefits—all these have become politically possible through the social fact-finding, and consequent social education of legislators, in which Mr. Rowntree has played so large a part.

This new book of 480 pages, handsomely produced and cheap at the price, is an attempt to evaluate the way of life which has been built up, with the help of these reforms, upon the squalid basis of the industrial revolution. The authors have sought to use once more the tried methods of detailed fact-finding, in this case to survey the morality, the literacy, the leisure pursuits and indulgences of the masses. It must be said that they have done so with a naivety which will read oddly to a contemporary public. The methods of the earlier descriptive surveys are plainly inadequate to the new and more difficult task. The chapter on leisure activities in High Wycombe, for example, is hardly more than an inventory:

> There are two large billiards clubs in the town, one with 10 tables and about 800 members and another with 8 tables and about 500 members.

Such facts add nothing without a framework of interpretation and the only interpretations offered in this work are on the plane of a sincere but un-selfcritical morality. The chapter on "Drink," for example, comes to the disarmingly simple conclusion "that, on the whole, bars are undesirable places." This might be the text for an essay on the begging of assumptions. The social reformer can perhaps afford to simplify in this way while he is attacking malnutrition, or even venereal disease, but not when he is pronouncing upon the quality of a civilisation.

In their introduction the authors explain that their original intention was less ambitious, namely, to study "the facilities for recreation provided in York" and how far they were adequate. They found, however, that they "had inadvertently embarked upon a study of the cultural and spiritual life of the nation." This led them on to collect nearly a thousand case-histories of individuals "by a system of indirect interviewing." The first chapter consists of 220 of these histories, each taking up about half a page. The idea was good but the results are disappointing, even at an anecdotal level. They have neither the vividness of Mayhew nor the precision of a good case-worker's report. But a more serious deficiency is that it is quite impossible to deduce anything from them except perhaps that "it takes all sorts to make a world." Yet the authors claim that by quoting these histories they have shown "what is the prevalent attitude to life of a large proportion, indeed probably a large minority, of the people in the areas which our investigations covered." In the past, Mr. Rowntree has criticised those who took random samples; in York *every* wage-earning family was interviewed. In claiming that these histories are representative, he has run to the other extreme.

This is no Kinsey Report, but (for the first time in Mr. Rowntree's surveys?) note is taken of the sex lives of the informants. They include Miss R. who "had her first sexual experiences at 15" and a spinster of 70 "undoubtedly of complete sexual ignorance." Although the scientist in Mr. Rowntree prevents him from drawing definite conclusions from this material as to trends or changes in sexual behaviour, the moralist in him is perturbed at widespread evidence of promiscuity. On the analogy of the brewers' advertising campaign in favour of beer, he suggests a "well-conducted campaign in favour of chastity" which "might be a powerful factor in improving the nation's moral fibre" but which "could not be successful if planned parsimoniously."

This volume in fact, if it is to be considered as sociology, is sociology in the service of a morality in which self-restraint and rational goals are highly valued and sometimes narrowly envisaged. Yet with Mr. Rowntree a broader humanity keeps breaking in. He feels that people may be wasting their time and weakening their intellects by filling in football pools; but he recognises that such interests have at least the merit of filling a vacuum. Because of this element of moral conflict, the chapter on "Religion" was to me the most interesting in the book. Since 1901, the emphasis has shifted from material bleakness to spiritual blankness. People get more calories now but they go to church less. In York, "attendances which represented 35.5 per cent of the population in 1901, fell to 17.7 per cent in 1935 and to 13.0 per cent in 1948." These figures constitute what is, so far as I know, a unique index of the process of secularisation in these islands, and it is important to note that the trend recorded in 1935 has continued unabated. It is also of great significance that over this period the Roman Catholics have substantially and consistently improved their position relatively to the other churches. This the authors ascribe to the higher calibre, more intensive training and greater devotion of the priesthood, which would not, they suggest, be practicable without celibacy. On the other hand, the authors are not themselves convinced of the need for "a large professional priestly class." They propose instead that the religiously minded should "form themselves into small groups, similar to Communist cells." These are curious alternatives for raising the spiritual level of English Protestant democracy.

CHARLES MADGE

PICTURE-BOOKS

The Painters of Ferrara. By BENEDICT NICOLSON. *Paul Elek.* 42*s.*

Toulouse-Lautrec. Introduction by GEORG SCHMIDT. *Holbein: Allen & Unwin.* 30*s.*

The Sculptures of Michelangelo. By LUDWIG GOLDSCHEIDER. *Phaidon Press.* 30*s.*

When books become, in Malraux's phrase, imaginary museums, a special responsibility devolves on their curators. Collections of reproductions now provide, of course, vehicles for the transmission of style and for the study of it hardly second in importance to works of art themselves. But for the editor of a picture-book even these grave functions are not the crux of his task. Artists and historians are few and able to look after themselves. They fight back; provoked, they write their own books. The vulnerable reader, and the important one, is the one who is passive, who simply receives and appreciates. On him the artist and the scholar will ultimately depend but they can rarely reach him directly. Popularisation, in fact, has an honourable function and one as old as art. In the past the popularisers, the engravers and the imitators, the workmen in the shops, were little artists, but now it is every painter's dread that he may find himself in their dwarfish ranks. The only path to the great artists for the man who needs to find his way to them is that which is glossily paved with picture-books. It is in the

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hands of those who edit for Messrs. Phaidon and Elek to determine the nature of some thousands of crucial first impressions, to decide how art-scholarship shall contribute to artistic life and thus to influence, indirectly but none the less certainly, which artists ten years hence will make a living and how wise the acquisitions of the National Gallery shall be in a quarter of a century. To edit a book of this kind is just such a test as it was once to spend a year engraving the masterpiece from a connoisseur's cabinet; it is a test of professional seriousness and one as severe as any. And nobody has emerged from it recently with more credit than does Mr. Benedict Nicolson.

The choice of subject, for a start, was excellent. The Ferrarese school is well represented in this country and little known. Mr. Nicolson summarises the state of knowledge about the painters modestly and usefully: where the pictures require it his description is illuminated by a moment or two of insight near to the poetic. Like its predecessor in the series the book itself is luxurious; less expenditure of paper, card and cloth might indeed allow a price more in keeping with its function. The colour plates, however, are greatly improved; there is no more of the hazardous attempt to discount the tone of dirty varnish. It is true that the *trompe-l'œil* picture from Edinburgh undergoes a certain transformation between book and jacket, and neither version captures the simple radiance which bathes its sophistication. One rarely has, indeed, quite the sense of security that the finest continental colour printing gives, such printing as that of the Lautrec portfolio from Switzerland, a decorative and useful addition to books on the artist. The quality of the Ferrarese collection is none the less excellent, as good perhaps as this country has ever provided. Many of the plates give a vivid sense of not only the richness but the coherence of pictures and the wise ask no more of a reproduction.

The rewards of such a reconsideration as this are never precisely those that might be expected. We discover, for example, that in general the Quattrocento now arouses a sense rather of wonder than of intimate affinity: only the decades of pessimism at the end of the century seem to gain in significance. Mr. Nicolson writes nowhere with more feeling than of these, and in the few sentences that he gives to Dosso; it is a sign of the times. Thirty years ago, to speculate in his own vein, the mannerisms of Tura might have contained more volume and more meaning. And earlier, in a past now distant, Cossa would have had the leading place. Mr. Nicolson's essay and his selection fill their purpose. The reader is introduced, or re-introduced, seriously and gracefully to painters whom he cannot know too well. Until times change, and with them the protagonists, this introduction will not need to be performed again.

The Phaidon Michelangelo is prefaced by a statement of editorial intentions as modest and admirable as those of Mr. Nicolson. This is a new edition of a book which first appeared ten years or so ago. The design of the dust-cover does not recommend it but there are in fact improvements; the plates are now marvellously brilliant, although they still gravitate unnervingly towards the corners of the pages. In the course of revision thirty of the original comparative illustrations have been omitted. Some were misleading, no doubt, but a few will be missed. In their place two additions are offered and these—for a Phaidon book deserves the scrutiny which is reserved for public institutions—are worth a glance. The first is a medal by Bertoldo of no particular relevance. The bronze relief in the Bargello is still missing; whatever the reason (there is no credit to be derived from reproducing such a chestnut) the outcome is that indispensable material for the most elementary Michelangelo studies, of which no good plate is easily available, is still to seek. The second addition is a fresco by Vannini, illustrated by Dr. Goldscheider as perhaps representing Michelangelo's lost Head of a Faun, "which I published as such twenty years ago." It is pertinent to ask whether Dr. Goldscheider, who makes no secret of his learning, does not know that the fresco, showing an antique type with no evident connection with Michelangelo, was in fact remarked by Thode more than forty years ago in a work which figures in his bibliography. Can it be that a critic with such excellent intentions is guilty of self-deception? It is a pity that those who gain, as many must, their first glimpse here of art-scholarship should have an excuse for suspecting that it is not necessarily free from vanity.

LAWRENCE GOWING

LA CRITIQUE À LA ROBINSON

W. B. Yeats, The Tragic Phase: A Study of the Last Poems. By VIVIENNE KOCH. *Routledge*. 10s. 6d.

This small book is a study not of the Last Poems, but of thirteen (about a quarter of the whole) which the author considers most difficult and most interesting. The method is "to let that particular poem take hold of the imagination as if it were—at the moment of scrutiny—the only poem in the world," which is a modification of I. A. Richards's way in *Practical Criticism*. Cambridge has used the technique for twenty-five years in the teaching of English, but only as a supplement to historic studies of literature. Miss Koch does not adhere completely to her own doctrine, for, as she says of "The Statues,"

> To abolish the use of electric light merely because one wants to prove that one can read by candle-light is a wasteful pastime. Once the body of an artist's work is known to the critic it is impossible to assume a fictive "innocence," no matter how desirable innocence may be for independent and fresh response.

An artist, too, may after all prefer that his work should be read as a whole.

Yet it is really only as a rhetorical question that Miss Koch asks "What other methods but analytic ones is the critic to use in the exploration of a work of art?" To which it may be replied that appreciation is not confined to exploration—Miss Koch by her selection and the presupposition that all these poems are successful, has implied a value judgment, which she later makes explicit. Secondly, unless analysis is controlled by a sense of what is relevant, it can become actually misleading; and in judging relevance, historical and local perspectives converge. It is natural, perhaps, for metropolitan man to prefer his poetry rootless and homeless, free to make what effect it can upon an attentive but open mind, providing a more efficacious teaching than what by a mischievous misprint is called "pilosophy."

Yeats, however, of all modern poets had the strongest natural roots; and Miss Koch, who never hesitates to turn on the switch, notes two Anglo-Irish idioms. More than vocabulary is involved; a ballad tradition not based on the expurgated versions of the printed page supports the "terrifyingly frank" poems which Miss Koch carefully links, and then carefully dissociates, from the Steinach operation which Yeats underwent in 1934. In analysing "A Bronze Head" she disguises the electric light in olde-worlde candle sticks; for, having first rebuked Dr. Jeffares for his "confident" assertion that the Dublin bust of Maud Gonne inspired this poem, she then proceeds to ask what would happen if we didn't know this fact? Consciously not to use what has been so stressed means simply that it kicks more violently at the subliminal level. This same bronze head turns up again at the end of Miss Koch's essay on the "The Statues," in place of the Post Office statue of Cuchulain, about which, as about the death of Pearse, she would appear to enjoy a state of real and non-fictive innocence.

Miss Koch's natural intelligence and receptiveness goes far to compensate for the limiting effect of her self-denying ordinance; there has been, as she observes, but little consideration of the Last Poems, and in the course of her book

she arrives at a perception of structure which informs her last pages most tellingly. I am not sure how she would meet Dr. Leavis's case against the Last Poems, or Mr. Henn's preference for the one she calls the paltriest: for the Robinson Crusoe method in criticism is not designed for polemic. This appears in what is the book's most serious fault; Miss Koch's arrogance towards all other critics. Modest and scholarly Dr. Jeffares is snubbed again and again; once for a reading of "The Gyres," which is supported both by Yeats's *Autobiographies*, and by his first draft of the poem, and which actually reinforces the point which Miss Koch herself is making. She abuses Mr. Graham Hough for saying something rather different from what he did say: she bullies Mr. Stauffer, patronises Dr. Bronowski and fillips Mr. Ellman. Yet she can describe an archæologist's masterpiece as "an occult book," and even misreads her author (pp. 22 and 79). It wasn't Crusoe who tried to make a stew of Man Friday. M. C. BRADBROOK

LONDON MINT

Round London with the Unicorn. By G. W. STONIER. *Turnstile Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

No two of us see quite the same London, and the native's city is vastly different from the stranger's. The native Londoner's note, once richly complacent, is now a mixture of the hostile and the defensive; there are so many things the matter with the place. The truth is, London has become rather difficult to enjoy. A general seediness has settled in, like mould on crust; interesting, but requiring a special taste. It is a taste, I suspect, increasingly difficult for the visitor to acquire. It may be only the seasoned Londoner nowadays, the native, who can really discriminate and enjoy the grimy vintage; perhaps only those who were born in London, or whose childhood memories are firmly embedded in her blackened squares or the rarefied nostalgias of her suburbs.

Mr. G. W. Stonier is such a native. He takes the superior attractions of other capitals for granted, and knows that his passion needs explaining, like a frowsy love affair that nobody but oneself can understand. The frowsiness, indeed, is part of the fascination, and in his discursive musings he bestows no more than an impatient glance on features obvious enough to beguile the tourist. He is more in tune with Gissing and De Quincey than with the popular guidebook optimism which describes and recommends. He does not, for instance, attempt to disguise London's manifold ugliness or pretend there is nothing the matter with her weather. He accepts both, with dogged tolerance, as one might a faithful loved one's unwashed hair. He knows that the Londoner's passion has a touch of the perverse:

> The real London, the sort of thing that important writers and guidebooks go after—what, where on earth is that? Luckily it—or rather she—can't in a single embrace be taken in; but if she could, her importunate lover might find, not a queen, but a dowager fierce, puddingy, and eternal, wedded to her state and yet horribly spreading, with a patch and eye-shade, a dirty chuckle, and trinkets pinned to her half-mourning like flags to the map of Empire. I speak as an admirer, one whose assiduity over the years has, not reduced passion, but limited its object: now a sweep of the lashes, the left elbow, must satisfy. Hence my addiction—so far as London is concerned—to the half-shades and the twilights, promises or reminders, partial disclosures, fillets of view.

One has to have, even in Festival Year, a decent excuse for writing about London, and Mr. Stonier artfully opens and concludes his book with extracts from a letter to an American friend, as though to deceive the reader into believing that this book will prove of use to the dollar tourist. It is, of course, the most bare-faced sort of pretence, and does not deceive a fly. *Round London with the Unicorn* is a book for addicts, for those already so pickled in soot and acclimatised to oggy half-lights that their eye picks out the beauty of mean streets and brings a connoisseur's relish to urban boredoms. "By yourselves," he tells his American, "Louise and you will be utterly lost; and bored—no dilettante boredom this, like afternoons on the Brighton front or in the Rue de Rivoli, but the real thing, London mint."

None of the things that he then lovingly dwells on will attract his American, and well he knows it, and impudently does not care. The well-fed sightseer is indifferent to those frowning high-walled thoroughfares east of the Tower, dead to the clove and pepper smells of Wapping High Street, blind to the magic of great railway termini —"Euston gated and pillared, and fog-bound within, Cannon Street yawning on the river, pinnacled St. Pancras, mad Fenchurch, bereft Holborn . . ." No visitor with raincoat and camera is going to follow Mr. Stonier's bicycle over Vauxhall Bridge, through Wandsworth, Croydon and Lewisham, to the esoteric goal of Plumstead Flats:

> A cindertrack led past cottages, a gasworks in a field; goats, lime-pits, ditches, smoke, cow-parsley; and beyond, in the level sunlight, a sailing barge, with only the sails visible. A curiously outlandish beauty (as I stood there leaning on my bicycle) seemed to me to invest this scene, typical no doubt, for its bargee-farmer inhabitants, of London.

But the addict will follow, murmuring appreciation, enjoying disgraced, peeling Pimlico, the Zoo, Madame Tussaud's, the unbreathable air of the British Museum Reading Room, pint upon pint of lukewarm beer ("woe, woe to the Briton who can't take it!") with a kind of perverse Cockney gusto known only to the elect. To him they are all, mysteriously, things of power, connected by indestructible threads to the bottom-most layers of consciousness; as, to me, the intoxicating acrid smell of bonfires in Bloomsbury squares on autumn evenings, or the hopeless unnatural emptiness, empty except for the sound of foreboding bells, of Sunday mornings in Gower Street and Bedford Square.

When I was about twelve, I remember, I was required to write an essay on My Favourite Town. This was a sitter to one long accustomed to solitary reconnaissances as far afield as Southwark and Stockwell, and I remember concluding my peroration with the words, "London! O thou great hub of the Universe! London . . ." The essay made quite a stir and got into the magazine, but it would not do to write like that to-day. Mr. Stonier's method, indeed, is quite, quite different. Still, I suspect that if he, too, was writing about London at that innocent age, he too was striking the heroic note, since only extravagant infatuations conceived in youth can mature to the incurable, rusé, disillusioned fidelity that he displays to-day.

MARGARET LANE

NEW NOVELS

Constancy. By PHYLLIS PAUL. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Moira. By JULIAN GREEN. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Arrow to the Heart. By ALBRECHT GOES. *Michael Joseph.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mist Over Pendle. By ROBERT NEILL. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

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"Whenever you think of writing, think of the L.S.J."

I cannot help feeling that Miss Phyllis Paul's new book must be numbered in this class of noble casualties. *Constancy*, despite its occasional pretentiousness, is very much better written than the average novel. It has pathos and imagination and it also contains, at least at the outset, a great deal of successful irony. Yet, with all its perception and delicacy, it fails to attain cohesion. Either because she is uncertain of just what kind of novel she wanted to write or because her individual style defies the matrix of realism, Miss Paul's approach to characters and events, though obviously deeply felt, suffers from a lack of that primary quality which Edgar Wallace shares with Stendhal—namely, *communication*. We view her creatures in a glass darkly, lacking either the hard fluorescent lighting of the commercial novel or the glow that comes from a fully mastered individual technique. This compromise between two methods spells failure for the novelist and frustration for the reader.

Material for at least three good books is to be found in these pages. There is the central theme, a young girl's life-long devotion to the fiancé who suffers a mental breakdown early in their engagement. There are her relatives, the Leslies, raffish, hard-headed, living alternately on charity and Stock Exchange *coups*, and there is the family with which Rose, the heroine, becomes entangled and into which she is sucked down through her efforts on her lover's behalf. There is also a murder—one of the many deaths in fiction which do nothing to solve the writer's problems. Rose's own psychology has been convincingly presented:

> The sense of outrage was continually with her, and the scene had darkened with a darkness unknown to the realms of innocence. That dramatic stream in her imagination which had been purely romantic, reflecting dark woods, robbers, and other such childish excitements, had suddenly fallen tributary to a polluted current, running through a nightmare region, mirroring cruel ruins.

Certain scenes in the book—the asylum, the Leslie family searching for the young man through the hot summer afternoon—will remain in the memory long after the rest has been forgotten. Yet, as it is, what should have been a *conte* of the length and pattern of Flaubert's *Un Coeur Simple* remains a distinguished failure.

I have dwelt at length on *Constancy* because its ill-resolved blend of nightmare and realism typifies one of the key problems of the modern novel. Mr. Julian Green's *Moira* appears to suffer from the same lack of synthesis. It concerns a young American from the Smoky Mountains who enters a small Southern University. Joseph's environment has made him the purest kind of religious maniac. He hates women smoking, and hurls chairs about the room at the first signs of lewd conversation. Such a sophomore studies Eng. Lit. at his peril:

> "To-day," he said suddenly, raising his face still red with embarrassment, "I behaved . . ."
>
> He tried to think of an adverb but failed. A patient smile encouraged him to continue.
>
> "I tore to pieces my copy of Romeo and Juliet. . ." After a second he added: "by Shakespeare."

The English Professor, Mr. Tuck, is an understanding man. He offers Joseph the alternative of Middle English or Anglo-Saxon. "Your ideas are interesting," he tells the young man, "and I see you're no trifler where morals are concerned." Obviously, it is only a matter of time before Joseph goes to the bad entirely. Page 200 finds him being stalked by a libidinous teen-ager named Moira. Ten pages later he very properly smothers her with a blanket. A novel which sets out with the most serious intentions but never achieves anything but the profoundest bathos.

Arrow to the Heart describes in the space of 100 pages a Lutheran chaplain's visit to a German soldier condemned to death for desertion. The time is the winter of 1942 and the scene is an army headquarters in Ukraine. Before witnessing the man's execution the pastor reads his dossier, has interviews with various officers, and assists a young *Luftwaffe* Captain to spend a last night with his sweetheart before flying on to Stalingrad. The book is moving and well-written and while not necessarily agreeing with Captain Liddell-Hart that "it is one of the most remarkable war novels that have yet appeared," it is certainly much above the average standard.

Personally, I think this book fails through a blurring of the moral centre. Like so much post-war German fiction it is masochistic and over-articulate. There is too much slick *Weltschmerz*, too much propagandist hindsight for one to be altogether reassured as to its complete integrity. Herr Goes worked for several years on the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and, despite his obvious gifts as a writer, this remains a journalist's novel. The Pastor's smugness and nagging asides to the reader suggest that he is an ideological symbol—whether retrospective (the conscience of the Weimar Republic) or contemporary (the spirit of re-liberalised Germany)—rather than a fictional character. One wishes the author had cut the appropriate sentiments and given us more of the atmosphere at which he excels—the grey, monotonous landscape, the army frustrated and without hope, the huge Junker planes waiting on the air-strip to fly the doomed men into the besieged city. All this, as a background to the story of Baronowski the deserter, is the real moral situation, and it is this that Herr Goes describes so well. By being wise after the event he has almost turned what should be a commentary on Goethe's "I embrace thee, ye millions" into an argument for de-nazification.

If a work of art is successful in so far as it conforms to its essence, *Mist Over Pendle* is a rousing success. This is an Ainsworth's *Lancashire Witches* from a new angle, a historical detective story in which beldames are used to conceal the belladonna. The ladies are kirtled and puked, the gentlemen clad in homespun. Both do a lot of hard riding. There is a good deal of maidenly archness and a heap of dog Latin. Rustics are to be found drinking October ale on almost every other page. The chapter headings—"the Demdike Brood," "The King's Justice," "The Eve of All Hallows," "Martinmas," "The Dark House of Nutter"—have all the old magic and fully live up to expectations. This might fairly be said to be the only one of the week's novels which faithfully reflects its author's intentions. Certainly it is the one I most enjoyed reading.

JOHN RAYMOND

LOCAL HISTORY

Essays in Leicestershire History. By W. G. HOSKINS. *Liverpool University Press.* 20s.

Local history is not necessarily parochial history: the narrowness of the field, the exactitude of the method required, may sometimes, when imaginatively conceived, make it the laboratory experiment whereby historical concepts are changed. This is certainly true of Mr. W. G. Hoskins's studies of Leicestershire history. Dispersed and buried in local journals they have already been widely used by other writers; collected and published, with some additions, in book form, they will be welcomed by all who are interested in the social history of England.

The parting of the ways in social history, which has made the rural history of England so different from that of the Continent, began in the sixteenth century. It was then that the old peasant societies were first broken up by a process which, thereafter, was never reversed. The impact of the new agricultural methods fell most violently upon the Midland counties, where the open-field system prevailed; and Leicestershire and Northamptonshire were probably the counties which suffered most. In one of his essays Mr. Hoskins examines the deserted villages of Leicestershire, of which he has now identified sixty. Aerial photography reveals their sites; local records explain their history; tax-returns show their gradual depopulation. When did these villages disappear? The answer is interesting: generally not after, but before the Dissolution of the Monasteries: the great majority disappeared in the years 1469-1550, and "monastic houses played a con-

siderable part in this depopulation of the countryside." The prior of Launde, the abbot of Selby, the abbot of Leicester—these were the great enclosers who systematically, by purchase, lease or exchange, acquired sole control of whole villages and converted them from once populous peasant communities into "the prior's grange." So hamlets were laid "desolate and waste," and the peasants, according to Wolsey's commissioners in 1517, "departed in tears." Then the Dissolution changed the ownership. In one corner of the county, where fifty families had formerly tilled the land, by 1600 only eight were left: and of these eight, four were squires.

The squires, of course, were the ultimate beneficiaries. But who were the squires? "The rise of the gentry" has become a facile generalisation among historians; but Mr. Hoskins, in his essay on *The Leicestershire Farmer* has shown (what other local historians have shown in their counties) that this rise was not of gentry but largely of yeomen. Working on the inventories of personal property left by yeomen families he shows their spectacular advance; soon they were richer than the old gentry whose lands they bought up and improved; they became lords of manors, the gentry of Elizabeth, the knights of James I, sometimes even the peers of Charles II.

Squires are inseparable, historically, from parsons; and another essay on *The Leicestershire Parson*, using similar sources, shows the fate of the clergy in these gradual changes. In real income they did not suffer—at least on paper—and the more fortunate even prospered; but two factors cancelled, for many, such paper consolations; marriage and impropriations. The effect of the former was obvious; the latter often diverted from the parson to the squire the hated but valuable revenue—for it was in kind and so immune from inflation—of the tithe. So Sir William Faunt of Foston, as impropriator of the rectory of Lowesby, drew £130 a year, leaving to the vicar a pittance of £6 13s 4d, out of which to keep himself and his family and to meet tenths, subsidies and archdeacon's fees. "And Faunt," says Mr. Hoskins, "was by no means an exceptionally rapacious impropriator."

These admirable essays, five in all, scholarly, sympathetic, and imaginatively written, illustrate vividly, by their exact and living detail, the great rural changes between the Black Death and the Great Rebellion. They show why the Midland peasantry in 1607 rose in fierce rebellion against those "devouring encroachers," their landlords, Faunts and Turpins, Shirleys and Ashbys, the builders, out of the wealth of enclosure, of stately Jacobean halls; and they show why even Archbishop Laud could not alter the ignorance of the county clergy, even Oliver Cromwell could not exorcise the hatred of tithes. To understand this is to understand not local but national history.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

HERE HE IS AGAIN

I Chose Justice. By VICTOR KRAVCHENKO. *Robert Hale.* 5s.

This is an account, written by Kravchenko himself, of his notorious libel action against the French Communist weekly *Les Lettres Françaises*, in the early months of 1949. And what an account! It does not describe the court proceedings, the way they really happened, but rather the way Kravchenko would have liked them to happen. To compare this book with the verbatim report published in French by *La Jeune Parque* is highly instructive. For example, the Court's judgment, running to some 6,000 words, an extremely *nuancé* document, very far from flattering to the author of *I Chose Freedom*, and awarding him only exceedingly small damages, is presented in *I Chose Justice* in a heavily expurgated form and is made to read like a judgment entirely favourable to Kravchenko. The English publishers presumably had not studied the verbatim text of the judgment, or they would never have allowed their "blurb" to include so bold a statement as this: "The lawsuit . . . proved triumphantly the truth of the statements in *I Chose Freedom*." It proved nothing of the sort. The Court expressed no clear opinion in the matter, in view of the extremely contradictory evidence produced. It even expressed the view that some of the anti-Kravchenko evidence produced by the defendants was highly "ingenious," but could not be taken into consideration, as they could not have known about it at the time they perpetrated their libel. The judgment also stressed the extreme tendentiousness of Kravchenko's book, adding, however, that, since the *onus probandi* rested on them, the defendants had *failed to prove* that Kravchenko was an outright liar. Which, of course, is not at all the same thing as saying that the Court "proved triumphantly the truth of Kravchenko's statements."

The easily verifiable facts of the Paris lawsuit are presented in such an unobjective way that one can easily imagine the "freedom" Mr. Kravchenko was able to exercise in describing, in *I Chose Freedom*, a variety of happenings many of which are difficult or altogether impossible to check. Even many Kravchenko fans—who, after a while got rather weary of the noisy trial—agree that the elaborately publicised Paris lawsuit did him and the cause of anti-Soviet propaganda more harm than good.

ALEXANDER WERTH

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

A History of the Political Philosophers. By GEORGE CATLIN. *Allen & Unwin.* 30s.

Professor Catlin's History was first published twelve years ago in the U.S.A. where it was reprinted in 1947 and has recently been re-published in a popular edition. It has been widely praised by American thinkers and Professor MacIver, whose work is widely known and justly admired in this country, has described it as "the best book of its kind available in the field." It is certainly extremely comprehensive, dealing, as the publishers observe, with the "entire history of political values . . . from Confucius to Marx, Pareto, Bertrand Russell and Maritain." Nor does the author confine himself to summarising the history of political philosophy; he is also concerned to indicate a philosophy of political history. Professor Catlin believes himself to have discovered in the social history of mankind, in spite of the widespread disagreements about aims and values and the baffling variety of methods and systems of government, "a certain agreement among rational men upon the objective good" and "upon the means of its expression in social life." This agreement he calls "a rational, Grand Tradition of Culture." He also believes himself to have detected "the beginnings of a Science of Politics."

The word "beginnings" is important, for Professor Catlin holds that political *science* is still "embryonic, because its development has been too dangerous to the powers that be." Political *philosophy*, on the other hand, "has matured over two millenia." This suggests a distinction between political philosophy "with its appraisals of social needs" and political science, a distinction which is further elucidated by the inclusion of both political science and political philosophy under the general title of "politics," the first being described as "a study . . . of the way things actually happen" and of how to "gain control over these things," and the second, as "discussion and assessment of values."

The view that we are at the beginnings of such a *science* seems hard to reconcile with the conclusion elsewhere expressed that "the historian of political thought" finds "his most mature and most 'modern' thought *at the beginning*" (my italics) "of his period," in point of fact, among the Greeks. Clarification is not assisted by the surprising identification of politics defined as the "study of will and will in the relationship

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of power" with sociology, the latter word not being defined.

Professor Catlin describes his purpose as the making of "a survey, through the ages, of the history of human society where it has been touched up to luminousness and self-consciousness in the greatest reflective minds of the epoch." The survey is enriched by a sketch of the background of the civilisation against which the various political thinkers emerged and with some account of their characters and lives. All this is competently done and Professor Catlin is to be congratulated on bringing within the all-embracing scope of a single volume a number of thinkers who have not hitherto been treated together. The survey is carried down to the late Thirties with chapters on Laski and Strachey as well as on Russian Communism and Italian Fascism.

Professor Catlin's own philosophy of politics, as far as I can understand it, advocates an aristocracy of intellect in which "men of skill" and "talent," persuade the masses to let them run the community in their and the masses' best interests. It is the middle classes defined as "men of high wage-earning capacity without inheritance, who above all are both interested in liberty and capable of expert skill" who "hold the key of power" and can lead the community whither they will. But they must give a lead, not wait for one, for the ages of "crisis, of religion and of faith" wherein the "men of power," seek by means of myths to impose their will upon others in the interests of some particular brand of dogma are once more upon us, and unless the "men of skill" and "talent" lead the community in defence of liberty, mankind may well enter upon a new Dark Age in which the "Grand Tradition" will be driven underground only to emerge, if at all, centuries hence.

I am afraid I have given no very clear account of Professor Catlin's views; but the views themselves are very far from being clearly set forth. The difficulty of discovering Professor Catlin's meaning is largely due to his apocalyptic manner of writing which shares the obscurity of most apocalyptic utterances. I give a typical sample. Professor Catlin is discussing Bertrand Russell, whose thought he sets in opposition to those whom he calls "the romantic poets, men of will and blood, to whom reason is depressing, partisans of Party and that by principle, servants of the Evil." Does he mean, I wonder, that the "romantic poets" are "servants of the Evil." It is difficult to say, especially as the next paragraph, which censures "ignorant men of fine words who know that they know," tells us that these "ignorant men" "may perhaps be subsumed in action by the heroism of truth and the devotion to empiric truth, and by the disciplining of the frenzied romantic poets to the antique calm values."

I have tried hard to fathom the meaning of this, but without success. C. E. M. JOAD

Universities Quarterly. Vol. 5, No. 3, May, 1951. *Turnstile Press.* 5*s.*

Schools of English Studies have had a long fight for academic respectability. Long dismissed as a "soft option," tolerated for the hard core of language studies on which most universities insisted, they have lately demonstrated here and there that they can train the alert, critical, distinguishing mind that is increasingly needed in our complex civilisation. The *Universities Quarterly* now focusses attention on their present situation, and promising developments, by devoting its current issue to a discussion of English Studies in the Universities. Professor John Butt supplies the historical background, explains the traditional forced union with philology, and has amusing and alarming information to report from his study of old syllabuses and examination papers. Professor V. de S. Pinto, who on Nottingham's advancement to full university status was able to draw up his own course of studies and examination requirements, describes his original plans for an English school that should provide "a truly liberal education for the non-specialist", and the modifications suggested by experience. Professor D. G. James goes into the central question of how far the study of English alone can provide a discipline for the mind and sensibility, and glances at the possibilities of Joint Schools—say, in English and Philosophy. Miss Daunt, approaching from sociology rather than philology, puts the case for study of the living language. Mr. Richard Hoggart describes the peculiar conditions, difficulties and rewards of teaching English to extra-mural classes. The whole debate is permeated by the influence of *Practical Criticism* and of Dr. Leavis. Indeed, the discussion of English studies in Dr. Leavis's books, and in *Scrutiny*, is shown to have inspired many of the developments recorded here which have helped to remove the reproach of dilettantism from the study of English Literature.

Coal. By W. H. B COURT. *H.M.S.O. & Longmans.* 21*s*

The British Coal Industry. By H. TOWNSHEND-ROSE. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s. 6d.*

The author of the second of these two books is a member of the Legal Department of the National Coal Board; and his account of the organisation and problems of the coal industry since nationalisation carries objectivity to a point at which the author is in danger of unconsciously distorting the picture lest he be thought guilty of partisan criticism. As a strictly factual description, however, of the structure of the N.C.B., the book is useful; and for readers who are unfamiliar with the technique of coal-mining, it provides a simple and informative account of the different methods whereby coal *is* got. Professor Court's study is the latest volume of the Civil Histories of the Second World War; but, though acting as an "official" historian, the author has not hesitated to use his critical judgment or to offer his own interpretation of developments in the British coalfields between 1939 and 1945. Admirably arranged and documented, *Coal* is, in essence, the story of Governmental efforts to retrieve the blunder which led, by 1942, to an almost irreparable loss of young manpower from the mines, accompanied by declining production at a time when demand for coal to meet Britain's industrial war effort was rising. Professor Court analyses, lucidly and impartially, the causes which invoked increasing Government intervention and control, the relative success of the rationing and other schemes designed to secure economy in consumption, and the failure of the efforts by official planners to secure greater output either by concentration on the richer seams, mechanisation (on incomplete lines), or the establishment of the pit production committees which were aimed at eliciting full co-operation between miners and managements. That there were errors in official policy is undeniable; and many of the short-run palliatives adopted during the war both in relation to wage price-lists and the "equalising" Coal Charges Account, intensified the industry's long-term problems. But the fundamental trouble, as Professor Court by implication demonstrates, lay in the industry's ownership. He writes: "No other major British industry carried so many unsolved problems into the war; none brought more out." It would be idle to pretend that they have been all yet solved.

The Master Forger. By JOHN GODLEY. *Home & Van Thal.* 9*s. 6d.*

The Van Meegeren *affaire* has ceased to be news and it is not yet history: it is in fact by way of becoming a bore. Mr. Godley's contribution to the considerable literature on the subject is a popular biography, complete with the facile psychology and conjectural soliloquies of its type. Treated thus even the curious character of his villainous hero loses its fascination: there is indeed little pleasure in prolonged consideration of an incident whose fruits were so repulsive. Much of the information here, some of it new and conceivably not without value, appears to come from Van Meegeren's family. Unfortunately it contains a number of inaccuracies: the *Emmaus* was submitted to Bredius in Monaco, not in Paris, and the villa at Roquebrune was rented not purchased. There remain more serious puzzles, and these Mr. Godley does nothing to elucidate. Possibly there are one or two surprises still in store, but it is only as an episode in the history of taste, and a telling one, that the scandal holds very much further interest.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

SPACE being still very limited in comparison with the output of records, I shall ask readers to adopt with me a few conventions similar to those employed by bridge players. If I pass over in silence a new issue of some important piece of music (either large or small), they should conclude that I cannot recommend it. Implicitly or explicitly, then, I shall hope to cover the month's issues on SP. Where LP is concerned, the convention is disturbed by the fact that the issues are irregular. I shall deal with these as they reach me, and in the same way; but readers should not assume that I have included a whole issue in any one month. The many SP sets of previously issued (and reviewed) LP discs will not be commented on unless (as seldom happens nowadays) they are inferior to the original LP versions.

Symphony, etc. BARBER: Symphony No. 2 Op. 19 (New Sym. Orch./Barber. LX 3050; *Medea*—Ballet Op. 23 (New Sym. Orch./Barber. *LX 3049); Cello Concerto, Op. 22 (Nelsova/New Sym. Orch./Barber. *LX 3048). Of late years Samuel Barber has achieved a high position among contemporary composers, and these three admirable issues confirm previous impressions of a true poetic imagination, coupled with fine musicianship and a powerful harmonic sense that keeps step with the development of his melodic invention. Those to whom Barber's music is unfamiliar are advised to start with the Cello Concerto, since it is the least angular of the three works and possibly the best. All are excellently played and well recorded, though the Symphony is less capably managed than the other three.

Concerto. WALTON: Violin Concerto (Heifetz/Philharmonia/Walton. DB 21257-9). A splendid issue, played with wonderful fire and authority. Balance exemplary; recording good, but some deterioration of tone in tuttis. This set completely replaces the dreadful old American one.

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Miscellaneous Orchestral. ELGAR: *Falstaff* (LPO/Boult. DB 9603-6). Very well conducted, of course; but there is a signal lack of real brilliance, the string tone is coarse and bodiless, the recording as a whole out of focus. Those who possess the excellent old set (now deleted) are advised to hang on to it. DELIUS: *A Song of Summer* (Hallé/Barbirolli. DB 9609-10). This touching and delicate piece of impressionism was "dictated" to Mr. Eric Fenby in the evening of the composer's life. We must accept the set provisionally, for the sake of the music. A good deal of wind detail is lost and the string tone is rather fuzzy, but the recording in general is not unpleasant. The fill-up, the Andante from Mozart's Cassation in G, K 63, acceptably played, is a most welcome little addition to the catalogue. DOHNANYI: Suite in F sharp minor, Op. 19 (LSO/Sargent. DX 1742-4 and DXS 1745). Sir Malcolm might have made more of this charming, facile work, which (*pace* some critics) deserves its popularity. The performance is on the rough side and not particularly affectionate; but the playing is bright and clean, and the individual timbres are very well distinguished. STRAVINSKY: Firebird Suite (Suisse Romande Orch./Ansermet. *LX 3045). Not quite as solid in tone as the SP version, nor yet as startlingly realistic as the *Petrouchka* LP; but very good on the whole. The *pp* passages profit greatly from a silent surface. PERGOLESI: Concertino, F minor; RESPIGHI: Ancient Airs and Dances, Suite No. 4 (Stuttgart Chamber Orch./Münchinger. *LXT 2571). An intelligent coupling. The Concertino is a characteristically mellifluous piece, full of gentle sentiment; the old Italian airs and dances are tastefully arranged by Respighi. Performance and recording outstandingly beautiful. ARNELL: *Punch and the Child*—Ballet (RPO/Beecham. LX 1391-2 and LXS 1393). Cleverly made music, in an eclectic modern style, but quite unmemorable and, outside the theatre, without any clear meaning. Performance very brilliant; recording adequate, but at times rather violent. HAYDN: St. Anthony Divertimento; MOZART: Adagio for Cor Anglais, two violins and cello, K 580a (London Baroque Ensemble/Haas. SW 8120-1). The theme of the Haydn piece is that of the much more famous Brahms-Haydn Variations. The piece itself is of no great interest, but it is tactfully played and records easily. The Mozart Adagio is romantically beautiful. BACH: Suite, B minor, for flute and strings (Pépin/Stuttgart Chamber Orch./Münchinger. *LX 3043). This lovable suite has been unfortunate lately. In this record the flute is not prominent enough, nor is it quite evenly played. But the string playing is very neat and light in hand, and the disc can be recommended as at any rate superior to the Morris/Bernard set, which was very ill-managed.

Chamber Music and Piano. BEETHOVEN: String Quartet, A minor, Op. 132 (Griller Qt. *LXT 2573). A well-studied, energetic, but rather insensitive performance. The Grillers do not seem able to *feel* the slow movement: their playing here lacks introspective rapture. Elsewhere they are adequate and the recording, though hard on the ear, seems faithful. BACH: Violin Sonata, No. 1, B minor (Menuhin/Kentner. DB 9607-8). Both executants play with a calm authority that gives this set considerable distinction. Menuhin's tone has a slightly hazy edge, but the balance is for once really excellent, with plenty of piano—an instrument which can, however loudly played, never drown the pungent tone of a solo violin. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, A flat major, Op. 110 (Gulda. AX 396-8). An interesting, meditative, but over-delicate performance. Recording not bad, but insufficiently resonant (the cantabile passages do not *sing*). Surfaces rather heavy, with swish on side 1. Fischer set (H.M.V. Special Order) on the whole preferred, but by a narrow margin. BACH: *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* (arr. Hess); *Siciliana*, from Sonata for flute and cembalo (arr. Kempff) (Lipatti. LB 109). A wonderful feat of dynamic balance and smooth, effortless control. We feel, too, Lipatti's devotion to the inspired melody of the chorale. Recording good, but the more emphatic notes of the chorale tend to blast. CHOPIN: Nocturne, C sharp minor, Op. 27 No. 1; Mazurka, C sharp minor, Op. 6 No. 2 (Stefanska. C4082). Halina Stefanska's finest record to date. Her playing of the rarely heard Nocturne is heavenly, and the recording beautifully managed. This pianist should be invited to record one of Chopin's genres in its entirety—perhaps the Nocturnes. CHOPIN: Scherzo No. 4, E major, Op. 54 (Arrau. LX 8792-3). It is a pity that Arrau's playing of the Scherzo should be inadmissibly heavy and affected, for the fill-up—"My Joys," one of Chopin's Polish Songs arranged by Liszt—is a pure delight and the recording throughout is magnificent. Though hardly a star, the Moiseiwitsch version of the Scherzo (H.M.V. and on one disc) remains the best available. LISZT: Deux Légendes—*St. Francis of Assisi's Sermon to the Birds* (also available separately on X 515); *St. Francis of Paola Walking on the Waters*; Six Pieces from the *Années de Pèlerinage* (Kempff. *LXT 2572). I urge all lovers of the piano to buy this disc. The recording may not reach the highest standard, but in general it reproduces faithfully the magical effects commanded by this extraordinary virtuoso. Apart from *St. Francis of Paola*, which plays into the hands of Liszt's enemies, this is an admirable selection, containing as it does so many rarely heard examples of the composer's subtlest and most purely musical utterance, in particular the *Canzonetta di Salvator Rosa, Au Lac de Wallenstadt*, and *Eclogue*. Warning: The six pieces are listed in the wrong order on the label. RACHMANINOFF: Twenty-four Preludes (Lympany. *LXT 2579-80). Miss Lympany's style has improved since she made the pre-ffrr set of these Preludes. The tone of the new recording is fairly good; I suspect the tubbiness on *ff* to be the fault of the piano used. Only a few of these pieces are negligible; the rest are poetically beautiful, and very various. The performance is always tasteful, if on occasion not quite muscular enough. JERSILD: *Trois Pièces en concert* (Jensen. H.M.V. Z350-1. Special Order). An attractive suite, in a style modelled on Couperin but with modern astringencies. The performance and recording are excellent. I recommend this set to discophiles who have a taste for the by-ways of music.

Vocal. VERDI: *Traviata*—"Di Provenza il mar"; *Rigoletto*—"Pari siamo" (Gobbi. DB 21227). Tito Gobbi's rendering of "Pari siamo" is even more impressive than Marko Rothmüller's. On the reverse, although he sings pleasingly, he hardly succeeds in persuading us that the aria is not too long. The vocal tone is solid, and the balance good, with a little distortion in only two places. WAGNER: *Parsifal*—Good Friday Music (Weber/Ralf. LX 1394). Altogether a most beautiful and moving performance, admirably recorded. Do not miss this. GRANADOS: Tonadillas—*La Maja Dolorosa* and *El Majo Discreto* (De Los Angeles. DA 1976). This singer usually gives pleasure and does so here; but, compared with Supervia's version (Parlophone Special Order), this performance is cold and characterless. Even the peerless Gerald Moore makes less of the accompaniment than Frank Marshall. GOUNOD: *Faust*—"Le Roi de Thulé" and Jewel Song, Act 3 (Tebaldi. X 325) I had not expected ever to enjoy the Jewel Song in any language except French, but I confess that (save in one particular) Renata Tebaldi's rendering has captivated me, so individual is it, so full of charm and colour, and so beautiful in tone. Yet she makes no attempt whatever at the trill with which the air opens; merely sitting down plumply on B, like Miss Muffet, until it is time for her to run up to the G sharp. One does not expect a true shake from any soprano nowadays, and most shakes are but ornaments. This one, however, is so much part of the musical idea that it is unthinkable of Mme Tebaldi not to have had a shot at it. Even a half-hearted wobble would have been better than nothing. This is a bad blot on a record which is otherwise wholly entrancing. PUCCINI: *Turandot*—"Signore, ascolta!" *Bohème*—"Donde lieta usci"

Company Meetings

DURBAN ROODEPOORT DEEP LTD.

INCREASED TONNAGE MILLED

THE annual meeting of Durban Roodepoort Deep, Ltd., was held on May 29 in Johannesburg.

Mr. W. M. Frames, the chairman, who presided, said that tonnage milled had increased by 106,000 to 2,132,000. The yield at 3.457 dwt. per ton milled had been lower by 0.222 dwt. but, due principally to the higher price of gold received throughout the year and also to the amount received by way of additional income from sales of gold at enhanced prices for industrial and artistic purposes, revenue had increased by 7s. 2d. to 43s. 9d. per ton milled. The net profit was £1,405,912. Funds transferred for capital expenditure had amounted to £178,672, provisions for taxation had accounted for £423,987, forfeited dividends refunded to shareholders had totalled £2,208 and two dividends of 2s. 9d. and 3s. 0d. per share declared during the year had absorbed £668,438.

Development accomplished during the year had amounted to 81,128 feet or 986 feet less than in the previous year, while footage sampled at 46,290 had been 4,175 feet less. Payable ore developed, however, had been 138,000 tons more at 2,112,000 tons, while the value had been 0.1 dwt. less at four dwt. per ton. Development operations had again exposed very little payable on the Main Reef Leader and opened up a small tonnage of payable ore on the South Reef. Most of the reef development had been on the Main Reef in the lower levels, where values had been satisfactory and the percentage of payability slightly higher than for the previous year.

General work of extending the mining areas and providing transport facilities and adequate ventilation at depth had proceeded to schedule and had improved working conditions.

Special business at the meeting concerned the Company's articles, certain of which it was proposed to alter to bring them into line with modern practice and Stock Exchange requirements.

During the first four months of the current year, working profit had been £404,232 and additional revenue from sales of gold at enhanced prices had amounted to £86,720.

The Report and Accounts and special resolution were adopted.

UNITED MOLASSES

INCREASED PROFITS

THE 25th annual general meeting of the United Molasses Company Limited, will be held on June 26 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the chairman, Sir F. Michael K. Kielberg, K.B.E.:—

Last year I mentioned that the profits for the first three months of 1950 compared favourably with the corresponding period of 1949 and that the prospects for the remainder of the year looked promising. As the Profit and Loss Account discloses a gross trading profit of £3,592,941 compared with £2,145,959 and a net profit of £1,215,682 compared with £786,426 for 1949, I think you will admit that the results for the year more than justify the cautious optimism to which I gave expression a year ago.

The substantial increase in the consolidated earnings is partly due to the inclusion for the first time of the earnings of the Anchor Line Limited (£554,961 gross and £117,559 net) but mainly to the increased earnings of our fleet of tankers.

I am glad to be able to report that the United Molasses Company Limited, as well as its manufacturing and trading subsidiary companies also experienced favourable trading conditions in 1950. Our transatlantic companies in particular operated successfully and once again contributed handsomely in dollar earnings to the company's combined profits.

The prospects for 1951 are most promising and present indications are that the anticipated prosperity of our shipping companies will be shared by the various other companies in our group.

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(Schwarzkopf. LB 110). These short arias suit Elisabeth Schwarzkopf to perfection. She sings them most affectingly and the engineers have served her well. OLD AMERICAN SONGS: (Pears/Britten. DA 7438-9). To all who love Benjamin Britten's folk song settings it is necessary only to say that these are well up to standard. The performance is humorous and scintillating, the recording good. DEBUSSY: *Ariettes Oubliées; Chansons de Bilitis; Le Promenoir des Deux Amants* (Danco. *LX 3052). WOLF and BRAMHS: Lieder Recital (Danco. *LX 3051). In the Debussy songs Suzanne Danco could scarcely be better: her diction is exemplary, and her phrasing and tone control are beautifully apt. The Wolf and Brahms recital is much less successful (and less well recorded). Mme Danco always sings intelligently and her German is excellent; but in the keys she adopts here the tessitura seems uncomfortably high, and the resulting sense of strain hinders true expression.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,111

Set by Eric Hicks

Competitors are invited to reproduce, in not more than 150 words, the reactions—after a visit to the Sherlock Holmes Exhibition—of any one of the following fictional detectives:—Lord Peter Wimsey, Gervase Fen, M. Hanaud, Father Brown, M. Poirot, Ellery Queen, Supt. Wilson, or Sexton Blake. They may, of course, be accompanied by their "familiars." Entries by June 19th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,108

Set by Gerald Giradot

The usual prizes are offered for a new version of Kipling's *If*, either as it might have been written for a girl; or suitable for a child of progressive parents; or appropriate for a totalitarian boy. Two stanzas of one of these will be enough.

Report by Gerald Giradot

Not quite the results that I had looked for. Kipling in *If*, after all, was writing outwards from a positive ideal, such as it was; and I hoped competitors would try to put themselves inside in the same kind of way. But the temptation to Have a Go was irresistible. Sleeves were rolled up, as if in a bowling alley, and fantastic pins knocked down by the dozen. Nuts and sandals, Ids and Egos, hats, hairdos and maquillage, down they heavily went one after the other. The other way would have been more difficult but more rewarding in the end. D. R. Peddy, Frank Pavry, Jape, A. P. Rhys, R. Collingwood Selby were in the running up to the end. I recommend the prize to be divided between the four printed below.

PROGRESSIVE CHILD

If you can keep your Head or your Headmistress
In honest doubt about your sexual twists:
If you can stand their questions and case-histories
Without despairing of psychiatrists:
If you can love your father—or your mother—
With love un-Oedipussed and truly free,
Of love the one as fiercely as the other
Without perversion or perversity:

If you can push for progress without getting
Black-listed, or black-hearted, as a Red:
If you can help Imperial suns in setting
Yet not rush in where Engels feared to tread:
If you can chain the drive of the go-getter
And pick the opinions of the bourgeoisie
And, doing less than either, yet do better,
You could do worse than in the B.B.C.

GRAEME WILSON

If you can face the worst progressive schooling
Can do to you, developing your id,
If you can learn the selfless art of ruling
Your actions for your ego's good, though chid;
If you can integrate your own equation
And rise above your personal I.Q.,
To make the life of school a mere occasion
For making life an open book to you:

If you can shed your inhibitions when you
Can hardly bear the least cathartic purge,
If you can still express yourself and then you
Can sublimate each anti-social urge,
If you can squeeze the dregs from life, not fretting
When outraged friends complain that you're a cad
And never think of giving but of getting,
You'll find, my lad, that life's by no means bad.

D. L. L. CLARKE

FOR A GIRL

If you can queue and not be tired by queueing,
Never be rushed, yet let no meal be late;
If you can sit and hear what he's been doing,
And not jump up to put the mirror straight;
If you can fry an egg while all about you
Shout for lost studs, books, marbles, and the pot;
If you aren't hurt when they can do without you,
Nor cross when, once you're busy, they cannot;

If you can feel, while washing baby's nappy,
Blest that the tender task's vouchsafed to you;
If you can smile to see your son so happy
Exploring with a broom the parlour flue;
If you wear clothes that are both cheap and lasting,
Nor once regret the might-have-been career,
Then, for a good man's love, thank heaven fasting.
If not, you'd better drop the whole idea.

ELAINE MORGAN

If you can buy a hat when round about it
A thousand shoppers struggle in a surge,
If you can wear the thing when people doubt it
And make it look like God's creative urge,
If you can queue, and not be tired by queueing,
If you can darn a sock and watch TV,
And rye-bread dietetically chewing
See creamy pastries fortifying me:

If you can make one heap of last year's wearings
And send it to the vicarage bazaar,
If you can be quite vague about your bearings
And yet—belatedly—bring home the car,
If you can charm the unforgiving foyer
With hundred-guinea looks that cost fifteen—
You may not marry Grant, or Peck, or Boyer,
But—which is more—you'll be a Girl, my queen!

MARTIN JORDAN

CHESS: If You Don't Succeed at First

No. 88

We all like the sort of combination that sweeps on with clockwork precision from the initial sacrifice to the *coup de grace* many moves later. Yet there may be something even more fascinating in an attack that comes in successive waves, as it were, with a hiatus in between; and if it so happens that the focal point is the same vital square on which the initial sacrifice was made, it may well give us the æsthetic pleasure of hearing a haunting *leitmotif* repeated.

Take this position reached by Terestchenkov (White) against Potemkin at Petersburg 1908. The question is whether the obvious sacrifice of a R (or rather the exchange) at K6 will prove as irresistible as the temptation to try it. What happened was (1) RxP, PxR, (2) Q-Kt6 ch, K-B1, (3) Kt-R5, B-B3, (4) QxKt, R-K1, (5) Kt-B4, K-B2, (6) Q-R5 ch, K-K2. And now what? Well, try, try, try again! Not very risky either, since the sacrificial Knight is quite safe on that "neuralgic square." So (7) KtxP, Q-Kt3 (8) R-K1, R(K)-KKt1, (9) Kt-B8 ch !, B-K4, (10) KtxB, RxKt, (11) Kt-B7 ch, K-B3, (12) B-Kt5 ch, resigns.

The above position was reached by Zollner in 1937. By Kt(K)-B5 Black might have survived, but he made the mistake of retreating the Kt to B1, thereby giving Zollner the chance of conquering the BP and all it stands for (or rather, all it stood against). What happened was (1) R-Q7 !, KtxR, (2) QxKBP ch, K-R2, (3) QxR, Kt(2)-B1, (4) P-R4, R-Kt1, (5) P-R5 !, B-K3, (6) PxKt ch, K-R1. If Black thought to have weathered the storm, here came the second wind and the same old *leitmotif*, (7) R-Q7 !, BxR, (8) Q-KB7, KtxP, (9) QxKt, and wins easily.

A: A. A. Troitzky, 1894

B: A. A. Troitzky, 1933

This week, since competitors may still be exhausted from their recent prodigious efforts, I offer two pieces only, both of them by Troitzky, though nearly four decades apart. A—White to draw—should certainly be worth 6 ladder-points, and B—White to win—may well be underrated with 7. The earlier study, incidentally, was dedicated to Steinitz, and when the young composer modestly showed his piece to the ageing world champion (as the latter attended one of the Petersburg tournaments), Steinitz is said to have been quite excited in his enthusiasm at such wealth of ideas expressed with such utmost economy of material.

Usual prizes. Entries by June 18.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 19

A: (1) K-B2, K-B4; (2) K-B3, K-K4; (3) P-Kt4, P x P ch; (4) K x P, K-K5; (5) P-R5, P-B4 ch; (6) K-R3 !, P-B5; (7) P-R6, P-B6; (8) P-R7, P-B7; (9) K-Kt2, etc.

B: (1) K-R3, P-R3; (2) Q-Kt1, K-R3; (3) Q-B1ch, K-R2; (4) Q-B2, etc.

C: *Key:* R-R6.

". . . 2 seconds on C, 30 seconds on B, hours and hours on A"—quoth Leslie Hale, thereby expressing public opinion as clearly as the nation would expect from one of its M.P.s. Everybody, indeed, solved Morphy's easy 2-mover, while a considerable majority (including a few of our crack-solvers) were stumped by Botvinnik's intricate study. Among those who solved it were Gerald Abrahams, C. Allan, Eric Allen, K. Beaumont, E. W. Carmichael, D. E. Cohen, J. T. Naylor, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg. So did Granville Whatmough, a newcomer who proved his erudition by the remark that Lasker's study was (admittedly) inspired by von Gottschall. He shares the week's chessbook tokens with others who have not yet or rarely appeared in a prize-list—R. C. Chaturvedi, J. J. Kenna, F. R. Oliver. ASSIAC

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Professor of English from January, 1952. The salary scales are: Men £850 × £25—£1,150 p.a. Women £600 × £25—£850 p.a., plus a variable cost-of-living allowance, at present about £82 p.a. for single persons and £203 p.a. for married persons. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the initial salary. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 31, 1951.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in the Department of Extramural Studies. Candidates should be graduates, with qualifications in Economic History, Economics or Industrial Relations. Experience of Adult Education work would be a desirable further qualification. Salary scale £450–£25—£500 (Probationary) and £550–£50—£800 (Staff), according to qualifications and experience, together with Superannuation provision under the F.S.S.U., and family allowance. Applications (eight copies) together with the names and addresses of at least two referees, and, if desired, copies of testimonials, should reach the undersigned (from whom further particulars may be obtained) by June 16, 1951. A. W. Chapman, Registrar.

LOUGHBOROUGH College: President, Major-General W. F. Hasted, C.B., C.I.E., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. The Training College: Principal, J. W. Bridgeman, B.Sc., A.K.C.—Appointment of Vice-Principal (woman). Commencing in September, 1952, this Training College will offer a fully recognised three-year course for women in Physical Education, Music, Dance and Drama, and in consequence the College Governors will appoint a Woman Vice-Principal as from September 1, 1951, or as soon after that date as possible. During the academic year 1951-52 the Vice-Principal will take a leading part in planning the new course, selecting the first group of about forty-five students and appointing women staff. It is intended that the number of students will rise over three years to a total of 180. High academic qualifications and good and varied teaching experience are desirable. A lively and deep love of the Arts and a sympathetic understanding of human nature are essential. The Vice-Principal will be assisted by a Deputy-Principal with special qualifications in Physical Education and it is intended that women lecturers to be appointed and the present staff of the Training College will work together. The salary offered is £900 p.a., rising by annual increments of £25 to £1,150. New halls of residence for women and a house on the same site for the Vice-Principal are in course of construction. The emoluments will include free meals in hall as well as this house rent-free on completion. The Vice-Principal will be the head of the women's halls of residence. A memorandum giving further details can be obtained from the Registrar, Loughborough College, Leicestershire. Applications, together with two testimonials and the names of three referees, should reach him by June 29, 1951.

ROYAL College of Art. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant at the Royal College of Art from women with a good educational background who combine administrative ability with a real knowledge of art. The appointment is to date from September 1, 1951, and the proposed salary scale is £700 × £30 to £1,000. Further details and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar of the Royal College of Art, Exhibition Rd., S.W.7, to whom they should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Assistant in Cardiff. Duties involve co-ordination and organisation of Welsh contribution to, and projection of Wales in B.B.C.'s Overseas Services, and obtaining material from Welsh communities overseas for broadcasting in Wales. There will be production work, chiefly religious services, talks, news, features in some cases with full responsibility and in others in co-operation with specialist producers. Knowledge of Welsh language essential, and of Wales and Welsh life very desirable. Foreign travel, experience of radio work and ability to drive a car would be advantages. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £955. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1 marked "Assistant, Cardiff, N. Stns.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addr. env.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Lady Warden of Oriel Hall, one of the two Halls of Residence for women, housing about 180 students, from January, 1952. Salary scale £625 – £25—£575 p.a., plus a variable cost-of-living allowance, at present about £53 p.a. Qualifications and previous experience may be taken into account in fixing the initial salary. In addition, the Lady Warden is entitled to free board and lodging in the Hall during the academic year. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 31, 1951.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1951. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1951, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1951 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1951; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1951. Salary Scales for men in London Senior Scientific Officers, £700 × 25—£900. Scientific Officers £400 × 25—£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3399.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Assistant Experimental Officer. Interviews will be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are in various Government Departments and divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Engineering Subjects, and (d) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). No vacancies exist at present for Biologists. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 26 years of age (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class) on August 1, 1950; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification, but candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men) is £230-£490. Salaries for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. The salary scales are at present under review. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. 1068. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible and must in any case be received by October 1, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for two posts in the Department of Economics and Social Science: (a) Assistant Lecturer in Economics at a starting salary of £450 per annum. (b) *Research Assistant in Economics for one year, with the possibility of renewal for a further one or two years. Salary £450 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, to whom six copies of application together with the names and addresses of three referees should be sent not later than June 23, 1951. *This is additional to the post recently advertised. (Signed) E. R. Evans, Registrar.

THE London County Council has vacancies for School Inquiry Officers employed for school attendance work and other inquiries as required. Applications are invited from men and women of a good general standard of education. Special qualifications are not essential but previous experience of similar work or experience or qualifications in welfare work would be an advantage. Basic salary scale £350 × £25—£475 plus an addition of 10 per cent. In exceptional circumstances a commencing salary above the minimum may be approved. There are some higher posts normally filled by promotion. The appointments are superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) may be obtained from the Education Officer (EO Estab.2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, and must be returned not later than June 22, 1951. Canvassing disqualifies. (592.)

THE Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2. Department of Psychiatry. Part-time Educational Psychologist required to work in this Department for four sessions per week, fee £2 2s. per session. Clinical training and experience essential. Ability to lecture and demonstrate desirable. Applications giving full details of qualifications and experience together with names of two referees should be addressed to the Secretary.

ENERGETIC man wanted for office small business West London. Typing, kndge. accounts & P.A.Y.E. essential. Box 3828.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Milton Grange Reception Centre, Moseley, Birmingham—Appointment of Deputy Warden. Applications are invited for the above resident post from women with good previous experience of working with, and assessing the needs and abilities of, deprived children. The possession of a recognised qualification in Child Care would be an additional recommendation. Salary—£307 × £15 to £352, plus emoluments valued at £193 annually. Further particulars and application forms (to be returned on or before June 21, 1951) can be obtained from the undersigned at 102 Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3. Please quote advt. No. 16446. E. J. Holmes, Children's Officer.

KENT County Council. Children's Department. Boys Hostel, Chatham. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Superintendent and Matron of the above-named Hostel, which has accommodation for 22 working boys. Salary for Superintendent £292 × £15 to £337, and for Matron £262 × £15 to £307 a year. Residential emoluments £193 a year each. Application forms on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, should be returned by June 18, 1951. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

COUNTY of Devon—Children's Department. Applications are invited for the post of Children's Visitor (male or female) for South Devon. Salary in accordance with A.P.T.I or II according to experience. Applicants must be qualified social workers and will be expected to own and drive a car. Mileage and subsistence allowances are paid in accordance with the Council's Scale. Application form and further particulars are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Bradninch Hall, Castle Street, Exeter, and should be returned within two weeks of this advertisement.

MIDDLESEX County Council, County Health Dept. Clerical Officer (qd.) initially in Area 1 (Edmonton & Enfield). Salary Higher Clerical Div. scale at present £440 × £15—£485 p.a. (men), £364 × £12—£400 p.a. (women) plus London Weighting £30 p.a. age 18 and over (lower rates under 18 on appointment). Proficiency at shorthand/typewriting, knowledge of indexing and filing methods essential. Estab. subject to satisfactory medical report and prescribed conditions. Applns. in writing stating age, quals., exper., shorthand typewriting speeds, 2 referees to Joint Area Medical Officer, Town Hall, Edmonton, N.9 by June 23 (quoting J.430 N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

HAMPSHIRE County Council.—Applications are invited for the appointment in August of an Area Children's Visitor who will be required to undertake the duties appropriate to a Visiting Officer under the Children Act, 1948. Applicants should hold a Social Science Certificate or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and have had experience. The appointment will be in Grade II-III of the A.P.T. Division of the National Scale for Local Authorities' Staffs (£470 – £15 to £545 p.a.) and will be pensionable. Officers using their own cars when travelling on County Council duties will receive travelling allowances on the County scale for the time being in force. Further particulars and application form, which must be returned not later than June 22, may be obtained from the Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester. G. A. Wheatley, Clerk of the County Council, The Castle, Winchester.

ASSISTANT Make-up Sub. wanted for "Farmers Weekly." Must be competent in preparation of editorial matter and photographs for press (photogravure). Some technical knowledge of farming essential. Reply F.W., 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

INTERESTING interpreter's job at Film Congress in Cambridge from July 11 to 17 inclusive. Board and lodging paid. Fluent English, French, Italian essential. Apply to the British Film Institute, 4, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Tel. Museum 0581.

GIRLS' Club Leader for age groups 3 to 18 yrs. Salary £180-£250 per annum (according to experience), plus board residence. Apply, giving full particulars, together with names of three referees, to the Warden, Grey Lodge Settlement, 9 Wellington St., Dundee.

HOLIDAY Tutor wanted to take English Classes in Summer Course for Continental students, held on Suffolk coast from July 25-September 20. Applicants should be men over 25. Teaching experience, organising ability and good discipline essential. Very pleasant holiday post in ideal surroundings. Apply Headmaster, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

REQUIRED for sample room of Coat & Suit House, capable Young Woman, able to sketch accurately. Applicants must have ability to apply system of stock control of samples, and have a stock size figure of bust 35in., waist 27in., hips 38in. No previous Fashion Trade experience is necessary, but an intelligent and conscientious worker is required. Excellent prospects of advancement offered. Reply in confidence to Box 3845, stating age and salary required.

VICTORIA Settlement: Liverpool. Community and Youth Centre reqs. Warden, resident (woman/married couple). Sept. State training and exper. Salary from £400. Apply Hon. Sec., 294 Netherfield Rd., Liverpool, 5.

TRADE Union requires clerical assistance. Knowledge of shorthand-typing. Telephone number: Whitehall 1986.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FABIAN Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. Applicns. are invited for the position of Asst. Secretary with organising duties. Commencing sal. £450. Further details from General Secretary to whom applicns. must be returned by July 2, 1951.

WANTED in September, Warden (woman) for small East End Settlement. At present the main group work is done with young people and children, but it is hoped that adult work will now be undertaken. Schemes for expansion are under consideration. Salary £450 less £150 emoluments. Apply Box 3644 with names of three referees.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers for pioneer work with problem families. Apply F.S.U., 159, Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

NURSE Housekeeper required for small convalescent home; full responsibility. Hampstead 2281.

NORTH Islington Nursery School (30 children), 110 Tollington Park, N.4. Superintendent wanted Autumn term. Please apply with copies of 3 testimonials to: Mrs. Dobbings, 38 Lordship Park, N.4.

SHORTHAND-Typist required by Assocn. connected with international affairs. West End office. Hours 10-5.30; no Saturdays. Write, stating age, salary required, etc., to Box 3885.

EXCELLENT pay offered to experienced and efficient Secretaries, S.Typists, C/Typists on our Emergency Service. Hours, 10-5, no Sats. Also odd days etc. Call, phone or write, Miss Topham, Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS 7379.

SECRETARY (woman). Family case work and C.A.B. experience. Kingston-on-Thames. From June or September. 4 days. From £250 per annum. Box 3987.

TRAVEL Agency reqs. experienced clerk & energetic secretary. Box 3605.

EFFICIENT Handyman, maintenance and gardening, wanted immediately in school which is moving to another district in September. Box 3995.

CORNWALL: delightful country hotel urgently requires 2 friends as chambermaid waitresses and general helps. Also good cook mid-July to mid-Sept. Chapman, Trefharrock Manor, Port Isaac, Cornwall.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY, B.A. Honours, Psychology, training in psychometrics, desires interesting post, part or whole time, London Provinces. Box 3355.

EXT. Econ. Stud. (30) sks. situation (40-hr. week) North England or Highlands with suitable digs. Prac. printer. Change essential for concentration. Box 3659.

MANAGER Radio/Television/Allied-appliances, keen, hardworking, seeks change similar capacity. Apply Box 3555.

POPULAR Lecturer, expert Colour Photographer, B.Sc., first class honours Botany (Edin.), Ph.D., History of Art and Teachers' Diploma (London) seeks post lecturing schools or adults, own slides. Travel, Biology, Horticulture. Now teaching, free autumn. Mostyn Lewis, Westwood, Gresford, Wrexham.

ACCOUNTANT, 25 (finalist), 6 years' professional accountancy experience, seeks position in commerce, industry or organisation. Wide interests including current and international affairs. Box 3421.

PRESENTABLE male (23) seeks residential post London. Good sht./typist. Excellent references. Box 3420.

LADY with ideas and exp. in Cartoon Film Industry wishes to join company, any capacity. Good designer & story writer for advertising or entertainment. Box 3322.

GENTLEWOMAN (28) intelligent, travelled, personable, seeks appointment with tourist office, travel bureau as guide or otherwise. Good linguist, organiser and correspondent. Box 3321.

EXPORT/Import. Gentleman (36), 16 years' export experience home/abroad, widely travelled: fluent German/French, knowledge Italian/Spanish, seeks executive position. Box 3320.

WRITER, confident but impoverished, seeks any work, London area. Whole or part-time. M.A. (Oxon.), Mod. Langs. Ex-R.A.F. Officer. Box 3392.

WOMEN graduates and educated girls will shortly complete their training and become available for employment as secretaries and shorthand-typists. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers, please write or 'phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

SCHOLARSHIP

SCHOLARSHIPS in Bavaria. Applications are invited for two scholarships of approximately £17 a month offered by the Bavarian Ministry of Education to members of British Universities and colleges for the winter semester (October, 1951-March, 1952). Intending applicants should write for particulars, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1. Completed applications must be received by June 25, 1951.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. (4)

LITERATURE in the Surrey Countryside, June 16 to 23. Walks and talks which you can enjoy with Maurice Carpenter and Randall Swingler; the English Novel, The Georgian Poets, etc. Charge 95s. (Other weeks devoted to Art, Music, Drama and Nature.) Write immediately to C.H.A. (Lit.), Birch Heys, Fallowfield, Manchester, 14.

ASHRIDGE. Course 34a, June 15-21. Course 30b, June 22-28. Modern Britain. These are designed to give visitors from overseas an understanding of British Institutions, English Social Life and problems Britain is facing in the post-war world. Applications to Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Tel. Little Gaddesden 3191.

RESIDENTIAL Music Course, Arts Department, Dartington Hall (Administrator: A. P. Cox). The full-time residential music course at Dartington Hall which has been built up over the last eight years by Imogen Holst, will be carried on from September, 1951, under the direction of John Clements. The training is intended primarily for teachers in schools and further education, but younger students are accepted for preliminary training before entering one of the major colleges of music. The course is approved by the Ministry of Education and recognised as a Supplementary Course for Teachers. Besides individual tuition in piano, violin, violoncello and recorder, the training provides special opportunities for choral singing and chamber music under professional direction. Students can get practical experience of school and further education work in the County of Devon. Students are accommodated at Dartington Hall. Facilities for individual practice are provided. Prospectus is obtainable from the Secretary of the Arts Department, Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance (Matric.), Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced Levels), Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Mod. fees, by instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LEARN Languages without Translation. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kpng., success., Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

HANOVER School of Higher Education and Modern Languages. All languages. English for Foreigners. Day and Evening Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Exchange Visits. Accommodation, etc., arranged. Post School Course for Girls, Citizenship, Languages, Secretarial. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Alps at Taxi with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty members of the University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21*gns.*; 21 days, 25*gns.*) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1951 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work, Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to: W. J. Cartwright, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

A Centre for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English Fees Foreign Visitors. Priv. lessons in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

RE-EDUCATION of movement and posture and reduction of overtension due to bodily and psychological stress. Arranged, teachers and medical supervision. Photographs and films used as teaching aids. Enquiries, Secretary, Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11 (Park 7222).

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

DRESS-MAKING. Complete training by ex-Cutter-Designer. Correspondence Course. Private lessons. Box 9656.

TOUCH-typing. Chelsea. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton, FLA. 1493.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER Film School at Bangor. The eighth Summer Film School of the British Film Institute will be held from August 7 to 21 at the University College of North Wales. Excellent accommodation in single rooms (running h. & c. water). A thorough and comprehensive course of lectures (mornings) by leading film technicians and critics; afternoons and Sundays free (film programmes if wet); three-hour film programme of classics from the collection in the National Film Library each evening. Film production. Inclusive fee for tuition, fortnight's board and accommodation, £13 13*s.* Enquiries to Course Secretary, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.1. TEMple Bar 1642.

PENDLEY Manor, Pendley Summer School of Music. From Friday, August 10, until Sunday, August 19. "An Approach to 20th Century Music." A course for singers, pianists, orchestral players, music lovers. To increase understanding of contemporary trends in violation to tradition. Performance of works by Holst, Warlock, Vaughan Williams. Conductor and Music Adviser: Arnold Goldsbrough. Lecturers include Eric Bimrose, Scott Goddard, William Mann, Leslie Russell, Lionel Sotter, Matyas Seiber, Ralph Wood. In lovely Chiltern countryside. Fees: 8 *guineas* inclusive. Apply to the Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring 2302.

FABIAN Summer Schools: Glyn House, Broadstairs. August 11-18. "The Principles of Socialism." Director G. D. H. Cole. August 18-25, Foreign Policy. Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey. August 18-25, "New Paths in Labour Thinking." Director: John Parker, M.P. Enquiries, applications: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

INNSBRUCK University International Summer School at Seefelden in the Tyrol. Magnificent scenery, swimming, tennis, climbing and local tours. Dancing, concerts and good company. Inclusive cost 23 days, London to London, 32 *guineas*. Apply to: Innsbruck University Summer Courses, 143 New Bond St., London, W.1. Mayfair 0942.

ALPBACH European Forum. The Austrian College Society seventh International Summer Seminar in the Tyrol, August 17 to September 8, 32 *guineas* inclusive. Apply to Alpbach European Forum, 143 New Bond St., London, W.1. Telephone Harrow 1040.

DRAMA Schools, Christchurch Studio Theatre, London, N.W.1. August (2 weeks), Day or Evg. Classes. Rehearsals, Lectures. Staff includes Eileen Thorndike, Marian Naylor, Peter Bucknell. Prospectus: Mrs. D. Sansom, 6 The Keir, Westside, S.W.19.

FESTIVAL of Britain Arrangements: You can be sure of a stimulating holiday in the company of interesting visitors from abroad if you join one of our Festival of Britain House Parties near London and Oxford, or in Somerset by the sea; language tuition, bathing, tennis, visits to Festival Centres and Exhibitions. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. Kensington 0911.

HILDE Holger Summer School of Modern Dance. July 16-July 28. For Dance Students, Teachers and all those interested in creative dance. Prospectus, enqu. Sec. 27 Oval Rd., London, N.W.1. GUL. 6822.

STUDENTSHIP

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Research Studentship: The College proposes to award a Post-Graduate Studentship in the Faculty of Arts for full-time research in Arts, Commerce, Economics or Law. The value of the award is £250 for one academic year, renewable for a second year. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications in triplicate should be sent not later than June 22, 1951. C. Meggitt, Registrar.

PERSONAL

TUTOR (British) required for girl of 16 and boy of 13 to Brazil. Write, with references to Mrs. M. Lichtenstern, Naarder Straat 315, Bussum, Holland.

ITALIAN girl, 18, who spent the war years in England, wishes to brush up her English during summer holiday as paying guest in headmaster's or similar family. Tuition in shorthand would be welcome. Box 3304.

FRENCH girl, 15, doctor's daughter, seeks holiday August with English family. Return light duties. Box 3474.

YOUNG married woman with boy (2 yrs.) reqs. suitable accom., pref. sharing with similar lady/family. Willing exchange baby sitting. London area preferred. Box 3436.

MIDDLE-aged woman teacher, specialised backward children, seeks temporary employment for summer holidays. Box 3487.

LADY shs. evng. work West End. Dressmaking/baby-sitting. Box 3373.

CAMBRIDGE overseas woman graduate seeks employment with accommodation June-August. Box 3509.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Own and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

FRENCH Tapestry and various kinds of oriental carpet weaving taught by Continental expert teacher. Box 3488.

FRANCE. Accommodation in French families on Paying Guest basis. Write for particulars (stamp) to: Mrs. Marion Guild, 130 Crawford St., London, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

CANOE down the Rhine. Young man offers another a fortnight's holiday during early summer, share expenses. Box 4004.

NORWAY. Seats vacant in 'plane Newcastle-Oslo, departing July 28, returning August 11. Return fare £16. I.T.T., 6 Bainbridge Rd., Leeds, 6.

AN old Welsh seaside cottage modernised to let furn. till July 14 & after Sept. 7. Electricity, Bath, Garage. Garden. Sleep 4-6. Also holiday garden-room, elec. & water: sleep 2, till July 21 and from Aug. 18. Also part house, sleep 2-3. Sewell, Tanybryn, Abertayron, Cardiganshire. Abertayron 237.

FURN. cottage to let by North Devon coast, 3 bed., bath, w.c., gas cooking; vacant now until July 28. 10*gns.* p.w. Box 3722.

TO let, July-August 4-room cottage, mod. con. North Devon. Lovely remote country. 4*gns.* p.w. Box 3479.

SMALL furn. flat available careful tenant 4-12 weeks, Knightsbridge, or would exchange for Continental holiday. Box 3881.

HOLIDAYS: International author will take selected guests on his two-mile Mountain Lake estate near Dublin. Alpine setting, fishing, boating, lake bathing, swimming, tennis, archery, shooting, pine forests, folk singing, etc. All modern conveniences. No food rationing. Interested in people. Nominal fee. Box 3371.

FOR ideal holiday, rent converted pantechnicon, downland farm near sea. Extra caravan available if desired. Also bus equipped and tastefully renovated for long let—view Edenbridge area. Box 3652.

WRITER (m.) would like to share Western Irish cottage under Diamond Mountain & facing Atlantic, with another (m.). Extensive library, golf/sea fishing, ancient car & other amenities but no mod. cons. Box 3374.

WARM S. Brittany Coast. Furnished flat. Sleep 6. Next beach. Lovely sands. September £25. Phone WIM 3893.

LAY Analyst, East Anglia. Young man anxious to contact above would very much appreciate any information. Box 3325.

YOUNG Scotsman, holiday plans broken, seeks suggestions for away-from-usual holiday. Will join another young man similarly placed. Box 3323.

COTTAGE-by-the-sea with private seafrontage at Sandgate (Folkestone) to let furn. Aug. (10*gns.* p.w.). Accommodate 4/5 persons. Write 77 Hillfield Court, Belsize Ave., London, N.W.3.

WE are known for our seaside house-parties for boys and girls, 8-15—this year at Felixstowe. Spacious college adjoining beach. Brochure: Junior Holidays (NS), 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

CHILD Psychologist, Hons. Graduate. Expert personality clinical County Psychologist. Advice on all educational problems. Remedial teaching for backward children. FREmantle 0639 or write Box 3398.

ROBUTTI Clinic, Alassio, Italian Riviera. Superbly situated Private Clinic for the care and treatment of physical and psychosomatic illness (including asthma and anxiety states); also for convalescence and high protein diet. X-Rays, physical therapy, etc. English and Italian speaking physicians and nurses. Enquiries: Secretary, 3, Upper Brook St., W.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

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PERSONAL—continued

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FRANCE and Switzerland. Do you wish to combine a holiday with language practice and friendship? Applicable to children and single people; min. stays 3 weeks. Reciprocity essential. Details of home-in-home exchanges from Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

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AUSTRIAN Tyrol. A few more vacancies in our parties, 15 days at £26 10*s.*, partly by air. With coach tour to Vienna, £32. Dr. Beer, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

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FOUR Country coach tour Aug. 11-26. Come and join a party of professional and university people in Switzerland, Austria, Austria and Italy by private coach. Fully incl. cost £43. Details: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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P.S. "Of course, Alice," said the White Queen, "we shall take our holidays in Italy through Harold Ingham of Harrow, but as we want to travel in July we shall wait until September before writing for his programmes."

P.P.S. Alice says that you must book in advance, so write now to 15 St. John's Rd., or ring Harrow 1040.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.–12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

CHRISTOPHER Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners," at St. Thomas' Church, Regent St., evgs. 8.30, Tues. & Sat. 6.30 & 8.30. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Bkg. WAT. 4723, at Church or Agencies.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Shaw Festival. Last 2 days, 5 & 8. Prog. 1; Tu. Prog. 2. Mems.

UNITY. BUS. 5391. Last week of "The Word of the King." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. p.a. Coming shortly "The Cradle Will Rock."

TWENTIETH Century. Par. 9582. "Manfred" by Lord Byron. 2 specl. perfs., June 15 & 16 at 7.15.

TALIESIN P.M.G. June 12, 6.30. Ernest Milton, Mary Grew, Rosalie Crutchley, Josephine Stuart in dram. reading Sidney Keyes' "Minos of Crete," also his poems. Recorder music—St. Anne's House, Dean St.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until June 17, Hampstead Drama Festival. From June 18: Astair & Rogers in "Top Hat" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., June 10, 7.30: "Copacabana" (U).

"LIBERATED China." New magnificent Chinese all-colour film. English dialogue. Vital for an understanding of the Chinese scene. Personal appearance director Gerasimov (joint Sino-Soviet film unit) and Emi Siao, China's world-renowned poet. Scala Theatre, W.1. Wednesday, June 13, 7.30 p.m. Reserved seats 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., from theatre or Friendship-China Association, 152 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2 (9.a. env., please). A "Must" for friend and critic alike.

DOCUMENTARY Film in Great Britain. A series of programmes on its history is being presented by the British Film Institute for its Special Members. Films (or part-extract) will include "Spare Time," "Coalface," "North Sea," "David," "Western Approaches" and others. Details of membership may be obtained from 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

"INTOLERANCE," "Birth of a Nation," "October," "Safety Last," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "Battleship Potemkin," "The Blue Angel" and "Kameradschaft" are films everyone should know. These and many others can be seen in comfort at the Summer Film School at Bangor. Full details elsewhere in these columns.

ST. John's Wood Orchestra, June 17, 7.45. Everyman Theatre, HAM. 1525. Conductor: Francis Oakes. Alfred Deller, Counter-Tenor. Mozart Divertimento 17. Arias by Purcell and Handel. Symphonies by Boyce and Stamitz. Suite by Hugo Cole, 1st performance. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s.

RECITALS of English Song (presented by the B.B.C.). Wigmore Hall, Monday next, at 8. Last recital of the series. Songs by Stanford. Seven American Poems by Arthur Bliss. Songs and Folk-Songs by contemporary composers. Soloists: Ena Mitchell, Marjorie Thomas, William Herbert, William Parsons, Ernest Lush. Tickets: 9s. and 6s., from Hall (Wel. 2141), Agents, and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd.

MORLEY College Concerts Society. Royal Festival Hall, Mon., June 11, at 8. Prog. includes "Carmina Burana," by Carl Orff (1st London perf.). Piano Concerto No. 3 by Beethoven. Moiseiwitsch, Murray Dickie, Redvers Llewellyn, Suzanne Danco, Goldsmiths' Choral Union, Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Walter Goehr. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Box Office, Royal Festival Hall (Wat. 3191), usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

THE Alexandra Choir. Royal Festival Hall, Tues., June 12, at 8. The Canterbury Pilgrims (Dyson), Music Makers (Elgar). Jennifer Vyvyan, Muriel Gale, Bradbridge White, Owen Brannigan. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Charles Proctor. Tickets: 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 6s., 4s., 3s., at Hall (Wat. 3191), usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

MARTIN Peerson Tercentenary Concert. London Music Group. 8.15 p.m., Tues., June 12, at Cowdray Hall, Henrietta St. W.1. Tickets: Keith Prowse and Hall on night.

FESTIVAL Exhibition: "Theatres of North London." Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave. (nr. Sadler's Wells), June 5-16, 2-8 p.m. daily. Wed., June 13, 7 p.m. Songs & duets of the 18th Century Pleasure Gardens, sung by Mollie Sands and Brian Jacquet.

FOLK Dances of the British Isles: Three performances at the Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m., June 21, 22, 23. Dancers from Scotland, Ireland and all parts of England. Singers from Wales. Guest Team from Yugoslavia. Tickets: 2s. to 15s. from R.A.H. (KEN. 8212), and usual agencies.

HALF Century Sports and Social Group invite you to another special dance at London Studios, 11 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Locarno Dance Ensemble. Novelty dances, prizes, etc. Tues., June 12, 7.30 p.m. Members 2s. 6d. Visitors 3s. 6d.

ROYAL Empire Society, Craven St. Festival Dance by League of Coloured Peoples. Sat., June 16, 7.30-11.30. Adm. 4s. at door. Music (inc. calypsos) by Ron Summers. Dress optional. Buffet. Bar.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, C.L.B. Dance, Sat., June 9, 7.30-11, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

FESTIVAL of Britain River Cruise with private party, June 30. Details, Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. The Turnstile Print of Holman Hunt's painting "The Hireling Shepherd" is now published at £2 5s. plus purchase tax 14s. 3d. On view at 11, Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

TRADITIONAL Art from the Colonies. Colonial Office Festival Exhibition, Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Until September 30. Admission free.

CONSTABLE and his Contemporaries. Exhibition of paintings at Burgh House, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.3. May 14 to June 30. Open daily (exc. Sundays), 10-7. Adm. 1s.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel.: LANgham 6593). In celebration of International Children's Day: An Exhibition on Poland's Children. Speaker: Councillor Mrs. Gladys Jacobs. Friday, June 8, at 7.45 p.m., at 81 Portland Place, W.1.

20TH Century Poetry. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Books, Manuscripts, Portraits, Lectures, Readings. 10-6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings & Drawings by Michael Ayrton; Paintings by Yanni Tsarouchis; Watercolours by John Paddy Carstairs. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibn. closes June 23.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., Old Bond St., W.1. The English Scene: Important British Paintings from 3 Centuries. Romney, Constable, Palmer, Whistler, Sickert, etc. 10-5.30; Sat. 10-1. Last week.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. The Augustus Daniel Collection of Modern British Art. Also new pictures by Norah McGuinness: 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ABSTRACT Art. A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Square. 11-6, including Saturdays.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Gericault to Renoir. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LOUIS Le Brocquy. Recent Oils & Tapestries. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

SPLENDID Occasions: an exhibition of old prints and panoramas. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till June 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6., Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. First Exhibition in England of Sculpture and Drawings by Marino Marini. Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

MICHAEL O'Connell, "Decor in Dyes." Designs for new British and Foreign architectural settings. Irving Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Until June 30.

PAINTINGS by James Dring. June 1-30. Paul Alexander Gallery, 190 Kensington Church St., W.8.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

TWENTY Brook Street. Until June 30. Modern Masters (Daily 10-6).

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Israeli Arts and Crafts, at The Ben Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun., 2.30 p.m.-5 p.m. Until June 17. Free.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Festival Exhib. of Members' Work. 10-5, May 19-June 14. Adm. 1s.

TOULOUSE-Lautrec: Paintings and Drawings at the Arthaeon Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, until June 30.

THE Historic Plate of the City of London. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until June 16. Weekdays 10.30-6.30. Admission 2s.

FIVE Irish Painters, First Exhibition in England: 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1, Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1. Closing 16th.

SHERLOCK Holmes Exhibition, Abbey House, Baker St., N.W.1. May 22-Sept. 22, 10.30 to 7.30 (except Sundays). 1s. adults, 6d. children.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Horses in Art. Opens June 14.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters: Cézanne, Degas, Manet, Renoir, etc. Dly., 10-5. Sat., 10-12.

NEW Paintings of London by Piero Sansalvadore. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Until July 6, 10-5. Sat. 10-1. In aid of The Save the Children Fund.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

A FESTIVAL Lecture, "Medicine, Yesterday and Tomorrow," arranged in conjunction with the Scientific Meetings jointly organised by the Royal Society of Medicine and the British Medical Association, will be given by Sir Henry Dale, O.M., F.R.S., in the Great Hall of B.M.A. House on Wednesday, June 20, 1951, at 6.30 p.m. Chairman: Lord Webb-Johnson, K.C.V.O., D.S.O., F.R.C.S. Admission free by ticket obtainable from Public Relations Department, B.M.A., Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

A.Sc.W. Festival Lectures, Caxton Hall, 7.30 p.m. Last in the series: Fri., June 15, Dr. J. Bronowski on "Science and Power," Chairman, Lord Haden-Guest. Tickets 2s., from Assoc. of Scientific Workers, 15, Half Moon St., W.1, or at door.

"NEGOTIATION—The Way to Peace." Hear Mme. Blume (Belgium), S. Gerasimov (U.S.S.R.), E. M. I. Hsiao (China), Gordon Schaffer, Dr. C. R. Woodard and other International Speakers. Trafalgar Square, Sun., June 10, 6.30 p.m.

"SCOTTISH Home Rule." Dr. J. MacCormick, Rector of Glasgow University, will speak in the Fleet Street Parliament Debate at 7 p.m. on June 14, in Caxton Hall, Westminster. A limited number of visitors' tickets (1gn. and 10s. 6d.) avail. from Capt. J. D. Lambert, 5 Emperor's Gate, S.W.7.

ANNUAL General Meeting of the London Society of Jews and Christians at 6.30 p.m. on Tuesday, June 12, at the School Hall of the Festival Church, St. John's, Waterloo Rd., S.E.1. Followed by a public meeting at 8 p.m. The Rev. Dr. James Parkes, M.A., D.Phil., in the chair. Speakers: The Very Rev. Dr. Matthews, K.C.V.O., D.D., D.Litt. v. Rabbi Dr. Altmann, M.A., on "Religious Understanding between Jew and Christian." Refreshments 1s. 6d. per head.

NATURE Cure and Anti-Vivisection Hospital and Clinic (13 Oldbury Place, W.1. WELbeck 2787). A Public Meeting will be held at Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, on Monday, June 11 at 7 p.m. Chairman: Dr. Bertrand P. Allinson, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. "Cloches and Compost as an Aid to All the Year Round Gardening," Mr. J. L. H. Chase (Chairman, Chase Guild of Gardeners). "The Basic Approach to Health," Mr. Stanley Lief, D.O., D.C., N.D. (Editor of "Health For All"). The Anniversary and Annual General Meeting will follow at 9 p.m.

DR. Kwame Nkrumah, National Leader of Gold Coast Govt. and Mr. Koko Botsio, Minister of Education, Gold Coast Govt., will be speaking at the Conway Hall on Fri., June 15 at 7 p.m., under auspices of West African Students' Union. Adm 1s. Tickets at door.

MICHAEL Sadleir on How to Choose your Reading, Saturday, June 9, at 3 p.m. P. H. Newby, Reading His Own Work, Thursday, June 14, at 6.15 p.m. Lecture Theatre, Victoria and Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga and Mind Control, Caxton Hall, S.W. Tuesdays, 1 p.m. June 12: Unknown Territories of the Mind. June 19: The Mind in Meditation. June 26: The Liberation of the Mind.

INST. of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Grs. 6186. 12th. Public View & discussion on exhibitions of Marino Marini & Michael Ayrton. 13th. Australian Aboriginal Secret Ceremonies films introd. T. G. H. Strehlow. 14th. Reading: 20th Century Poetry. 15th. Recital Else Kraus (pianoforte), works of Arnold Schoenberg. New members welcome.

"WHAT I Saw in Korea." Monica Felton, member International Fact Finding Commission on Korea. Supporting speaker—Alun Falconer. Thurs., June 14, 7.30 (postponed from June 5). Hammersmith Town Hall, W.8.

FRANK Thompson. Memorial meeting, Hampstead Town Hall, June 11, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Peter Wright, Kenneth Sykes and Edward Thompson. Chair: E. V. Tempest. Selected reading from Frank Thompson's works by Alec McCrindle. Org. by Committee of Friendship with Bulgaria. Tickets 1s.

SECOND of two lectures on "Socialist Realism in Literature" by Alick West. June 14 at 8 p.m. Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. Admission free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. June 10: Occult Science.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Cultural Life in Israel." Impressions by Sefton D. Temkin. Wed., June 13, 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 16 at 6 p.m. Poetry reading in 12 languages.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "Degrees of Agnosticism." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, June 10, at 11 a.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FIRST Hand News From Korea. Mrs. Monica Felton, Member of Fact Finding Commission reports back Mon., June 11, Holborn Hall, W.C.1, 7.30. Tkts. 6d. from I.W.D., 174 Uxbridge Rd., W.12, or at door.

SOCIALISM and Rearmament. Conference, Saturday, June 23, at 2.15 p.m. Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Speakers: The Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P., Dr. Stephen Taylor. Tickets 1s. 6d. Apply, Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. 4 Mondays at 7.30 p.m. 11th, "A Day at Bow Street," by Miss M. Hamilton. 18th, "The Young Worker," by A. E. Morgan, M.A., Hon.LL.D. 25th, Oriana String Quartet (L. Worsley, W. Kellerman, J. Bucknall, A. Cutforth): Purcell, Haydn, Beethoven.

JEWISH Assocn. to Aid Backward Children. Meeting at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, W.1, on Thurs., June 14, at 8 p.m. Speaker: Dr. Karl Konig, M.D. (Vienna). Adm. free. Chairman: Ashe Lincoln, K.C. Hon. Sec.: 4 Fescote Rd., N.W.4.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., June 13, 6.30: "Buddhist Intuition." Mr. J. Austin.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Tues., June 12, 7.45 p.m. "Everyday Life in Czechoslovakia," speaker Mrs. Gina Harrison, just back from 4 years in Czechoslovakia. Chairman: Mr. Ken Walters. Adm. free. All welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc., Wed., June 13, 7.30, at N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Socialist Experiments in Israel," Hon. Edwin Samuel, C.M.G. 1s. 6d.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. June 10: Dr. Helen Rosenau, "Modern Man as seen in Art." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Overseas visitors cordially welcomed.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Chetanananda. Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. June 14: "Attributes of God."

PERSONALIST Group. Prof. George Catlin, M.A., Ph.D., on "Significant Living." Monday, June 11, 7.30 p.m. at Conway Hall. All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BECOME Your Own Economist. Summer Term of classes in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begins on Tuesday and Thursday, June 26 & 28, 7.0 p.m., at Westminster. The Course lasts ten weeks (attend once weekly on either day). No fees. Write for full particulars to: Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, S.W.1, or telephone ABBEY 6665.

EXPERIMENT in Expression. Painting week-end June 29-July 1 at Brasiers Park, Ipsden, Oxon, both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to. Simple materials provided.

WEST Riding County Council. Bretton Hall Training College for Teachers of Music, Art and Drama. A one year course of professional training for intending teachers of Music in maintained or assisted Secondary Schools will be held at Bretton Hall commencing in September, 1951. This College is provided by the West Riding of Yorkshire L.E.A. and recognised by the Ministry of Education. Applicants must have gained a music degree or a recognised music diploma, teacher's or performer's, and at least two years' full-time study at one of the well-known Music Colleges. In addition, applicants must be able to play the piano. Applicants should normally have reached the standard of general education at present required for admission to a teacher training College. All students will not only follow a course of training in Music but will also be expected to take a part in the general training in the Arts as offered by the College. Applicants who wish to be admitted as recognised students for the purposes of the Ministry of Education's Regulations for the Training of Teachers will be required to sign a Declaration in the prescribed form that they intend to teach in grant-aided schools and will be eligible for financial assistance under the Ministry's regulations. Applications and enquiries should be sent as soon as possible to The Principle, Bretton Hall, Bretton, Nr. Wakefield, Yorks.

PRINCESS Alice College, Sutton Coldfield. (A Residential College for Child Care Workers.) Applications are invited from women (18 to 35), men (25 to 35), and married couples who wish to study for a Home Office Certificate in Child Care and qualify for residential posts in children's work. Government grants to cover cost of fees, maintenance and other expenses available in suitable cases. Next course begins September, 1951. Write for prospectus and particulars of qualifications, etc., to the Principal.

HAMMERSMITH Hospital, Du Cane Road, London, W.12. Applications are invited from students wishing to undertake training in November next as Radiographers in Radiotherapy. Full period of training two years. Fees 50 guineas. Candidates must be educated to School Certificate or Matriculation standard. Applications to Superintendent Radiographer not later than June 20, 1951.

(Lecture Courses, etc.—cont. on p. 687)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 665, 666, 667

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